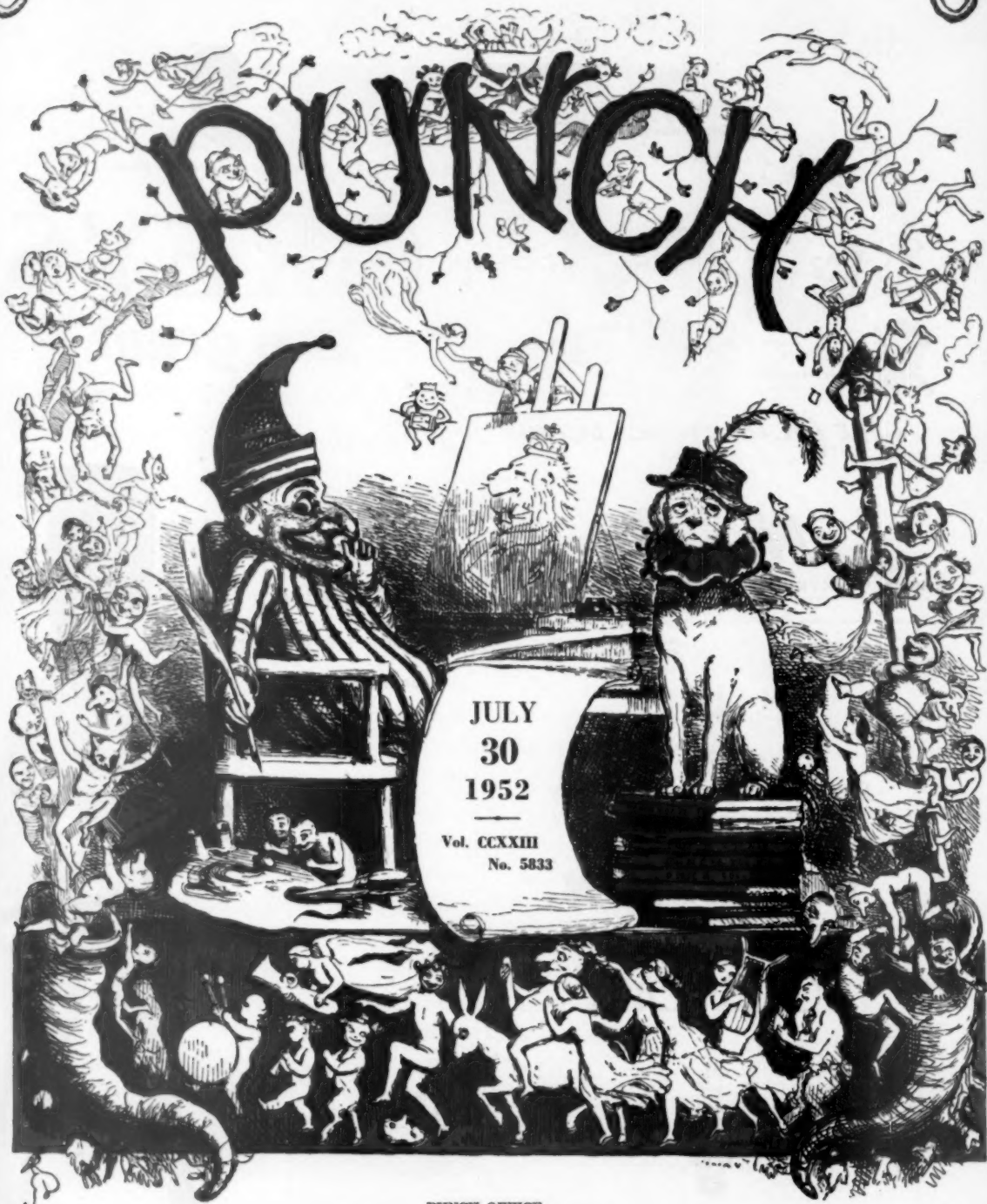
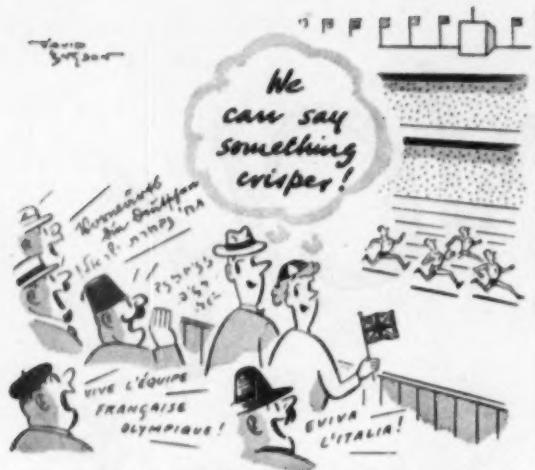


6^d

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARS—WEDNESDAY, JULY 30 1952

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



—but for the crispest biscuits
say

M&D

Made by MEREDITH & DREW LTD LONDON

CVE-70



Because quality and dependability
are essentials

CHAMPION
PLUGS
are supplied to
ROLLS-ROYCE





Head and shoulders above the rest

GREYS

are great
CIGARETTES

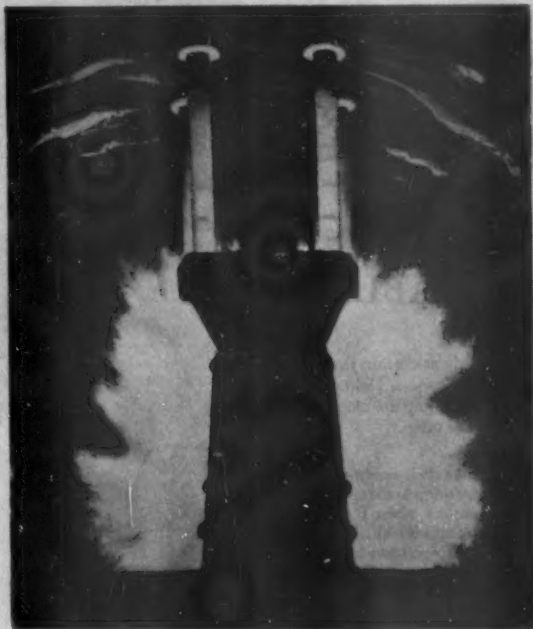
In a changing world,
'Greys' still give
the Virginia smoker
the old satisfaction—
undiluted, unaltered

20 for 3/7

Large Greys 20 for 4/9



ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED



BLAST AND COUNTERBLAST

THE inside of a blast furnace deteriorates with use and every three to five years the refractory material with which it is lined has to be renewed. First, the furnace must be allowed to cool, then the old lining—up to 1,000 tons of it—must be prised out by men with crowbars and pneumatic hammers. In order to save time, many steel works have called in I.C.I., whose Nobel Division in Glasgow has developed a special technique, using new explosives, which enables furnace linings to be blasted out when still hot—without the delay of



waiting for the shot holes to cool down to normal temperatures. With this technique, a blast furnace at Scunthorpe in Lincolnshire was relined in the record time of 32 days, 11 hours and 39 minutes without damage to either the outer shell of the furnace or adjacent plant. A fair average time for the explosive method would be 50 days, as against about 150 days by the old hammer and crowbar method. This speed-up

in the relining of furnaces is equivalent to a 4% increase in the total steel-producing capacity of the United Kingdom.



CARROTS ARE PREDICTABLE

CARROTS are crisp and juicy only at certain times of the year. Then they lose their crispness. Heinz so arrange their year's programme that they use carrots in their cooking only while they are crisp.



They make their mushroom and asparagus soups in the spring and early summer when the cream content of milk is high. They employ Field Inspectors who see to it that the produce grown for Heinz is the finest that can be grown.

Starting with the fertility of the land, and the selection of seed, they supervise the whole cycle of growth, and ensure that the harvest is taken at the peak of goodness. For instance, peas for Heinz are picked before they go starchy, while they are full of sugar.

To secure tomato purée of a new high standard, Heinz field men have worked with farmers in Northern Italy to produce tomatoes that have less fibre, more juicy flesh. This has included, among other things, the introduction of field laboratories where, by the use of scientific instruments, it is possible to see on the spot the practical effects of the theories involved.

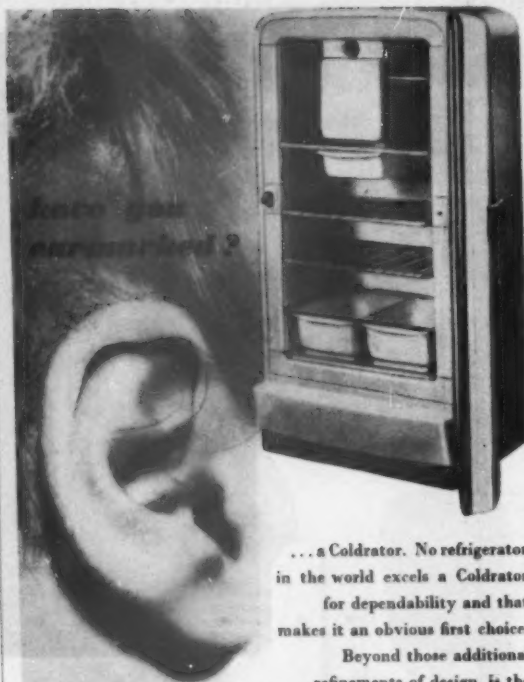


By a similar process of development, Heinz have organised supplies of superb mangoes from India, rare flavourings and spices from the Far East.

These are a few examples of the perfectionist attitude that pervades Heinz. They give an inkling of the reason why Heinz products are so excellent in flavour, so rich in nourishment, so wholesome. It is good business to supply people with good food, and that is Heinz business.

HEINZ 57

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY LTD., HARLESDEN, LONDON, N.W.10



... a Coldrator. No refrigerator in the world excels a Coldrator for dependability and that makes it an obvious first choice.

Beyond those additional refinements of design, is the guarantee that only skill and workmanship can give, yet they embody all the convenient features which are part of any modern refrigerator.

Coldrator stands alone as the pioneer of the British built hermetically sealed refrigerating system.

Industry too chooses Coldrator for a wide variety of uses.

In shops, hotels, large cold stores and factory processes, it serves you in many ways. You may inspect them in any leading showroom or send for literature IRC.114.

The illustration shows the Model CS70—7.1 cu. ft. refrigerator with 13 sq. ft. of shelf space. Other models with 3 and 6½ cu. ft. capacity are available.

IN REFRIGERATION

COLDRATOR

STANDS ALONE

INTERNATIONAL REFRIGERATOR CO LTD PETERBOROUGH

I.R.2

Member of the A.E.I. group of companies

Comatose comic becomes a televisionary

Willie's an (alleged) funny man on television. The original interference they designed the suppressor for. "View halo," I hailed him. "How is life behind the screen?"

"Very flat," moaned Willie. "My brilliance is all out of focus. Much



more of this constipation I get, and I'll never look another cathode ray tube in the face."

"A tube can cause a lot of trouble," I said.

"What's your line?" snarled Willie.

"The tube I mean," I said, "is the one you have behind your dinner jacket, 30 feet of it, and everything you eat has to make its way round its coils and circuits. Your intestinal muscles, which pull it through, can't get a grip on the soft, starchy food we send down nowadays, and they stop working properly."

"What happens then?" asked Willie.

"A break in transmission," I said, "caused by a technical clove-hitch. In layman's language, you're constipated, and your life gets out of phase. The thing for you," I said, "is bulk."

"How do I take it?" asked Willie.

"You don't," I said, "you get it by having All-Bran for breakfast. All-Bran's scrumptious, and it gives your muscles bulk to work on. It'll make you 'regular' in no time at all."

"It'd better," humped Willie.

It did too. The next time I saw Willie, he was in full colour, with a face that launched a thousand quips. "So you take a different view of things now, do you?" I chaffed him.

"Yes, yes and yes!" chirped Willie. "I feel marvellous. That amazing All-Bran's made me as 'regular' as the News!"

"Sh!" I said. "No advertising."

WHY KELLON'S ALL-BRAN SURELY AND GENTLY RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

Eaten with absolute regularity, Kellon's All-Bran gives your system "bulk" to prevent constipation. All-Bran's "bulk" enables bowel muscles to keep naturally active and so to sweep and clear the intestinal tract, thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active, and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast, or in buns or cakes. All grocers have it.

I'm choosing— it's my privilege

"No more taking just anything that's offered!

Now I choose

and insist upon

the blends I prefer:

Hornimans Rich & Fragrant,

a real connoisseur's tea;

and Hornimans Distinctive,

the family's favourite."



HORNIMANS TEA

W. H. & F. J. HORNIMAN & CO. LTD., LONDON, N.1. EST. 1826

There is only ONE CHUNKY MARMALADE

It is a product of St. Martin Preserving Co. Ltd., and the brand name **CHUNKY** is registered.

St. Martin's special recipe captures the full flavour of Seville's sun-drenched oranges in the bitter sweet taste of **CHUNKY**. It has that refreshing tang the palate longs for in the morning.

● **CHUNKY** and all St. Martin preserves can now be obtained in "after-use" preserving jars (2-lb. size).



St. Martin
PRESERVING CO. LTD.



"You asked for Benson & Hedges cigarettes, Sir"

Benson & Hedges Ltd. are proud to announce that their Super Virginia cigarettes are available on the world's most famous airways, including all routes served by the following:-

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS,
BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS
CORPORATION,

SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM,
QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS • AIR
CEYLON • EL-AL ISRAEL AIRLINES,
AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL AIRWAYS
TRANS-AUSTRALIAN AIRLINES
BRITISH WEST INDIAN AIRWAYS
SABENA • MALAYAN AIRWAYS,
CENTRAL AFRICAN AIRWAYS
AER LINGUS • CYPRUS AIRWAYS

Fitting accompaniment to smoothly luxurious travel,

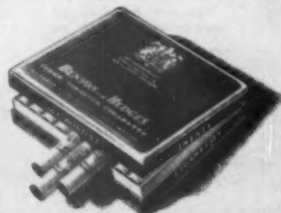
BENSON and HEDGES Super Virginia cigarettes

are made from the finest of fine tobaccos with
unhurried, untiring care for all those occasions
when only the best will do.



BY APPOINTMENT
TOBACCONISTS TO
THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

When only the best will do



BENSON & HEDGES LTD • OLD BOND STREET • LONDON • W.1

Whatever the occasion

Say it with Flowers-by-Wire



Order only through
florists displaying the
above symbol.



Anniversaries... Birthdays...
Thank You's... Get Well
Messages... Flowers have
a magical way of expressing
your sentiments and are even
more appreciated when sent
Telegraph-fast through
Interflora's World-wide
Flowers-by-Wire Service.
Fresh flowers can be sent to
anywhere in Great Britain,
the Commonwealth and
other countries of the free
world within a matter of
hours through members of

INTERFLORA

THE INTERNATIONAL

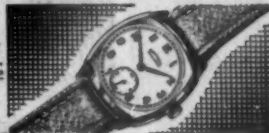
Flowers-by-Wire Service

Issued by INTERFLORA (Dept. P.) 358/362 Kensington High Street, W.14

There's a Rotary watch just for you...

Sportsman

15 jewels, with dust-
proof inner case. In
gold £17.6.6



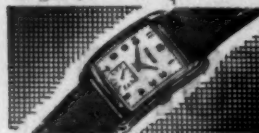
Engineer

Shockproof, water-
proof, 17-jewels. In gold
£32.13.6, in chrome/
steel £11.9.6



Executive

"The Watch that
Winds as You Wear
It", 20-jewels auto-
matic. In stainless
steel £20.14.0



Professional Man

15-jewel lever. In gold
£25.10.0 in chrome/
steel £8.3.6

Accuracy and distinction
at a reasonable price

ROTARY
WATCHES

Ask your jeweller for **ROTARY**-by name



One word
sums up this
Sherry—
it is... good

You appreciate a fine
Amontillado? Then how would
you describe this "IDÉAL",
one of the distinguished family
of sherries that bear the name
of Marques del Real Tesoro?...
You are right—good wine
needs no beating about the
bush. We give you our word,
this sherry is good.

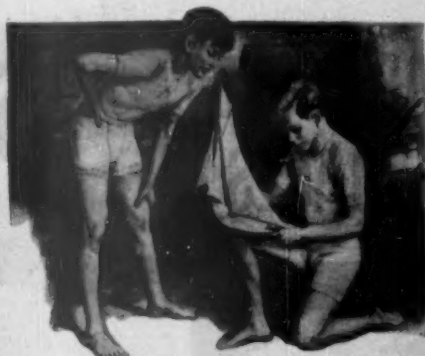
**MARQUES DEL
REAL TESORO SHERRY**



"IDÉAL"

FINO AMONTILLADO

From your wine merchant 20/- a bottle • Sole Importers: C. H. Tapp & Co. Ltd.



A good start

—the best possible start to a boy's day is Chilprufe underwear. The close, even-textured fabric of finest pure wool offers unrivalled protection in all weathers, day-long comfort, and complete freedom of movement. Coupled with the health-safety so essential to youngsters at school, Chilprufe has an exceptional length of life that makes it the most economical as well as the most sensible underwear.

Chilprufe
for BOYS

CHILPRUFE
IS
PURE WOOL
MADE
PERFECT

Ask your Chilprufe Agent
or write for CATALOGUE

CHILPRUFE LIMITED LEICESTER



The shell of the 18th century Scottish glassworker is shown in this facobite tumbler, exquisitely engraved with a portrait of Prince Charles Edward. (From the Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh.)

Making fine things is a Scottish habit

Just 25 years after the 'Forty-five', John Cotton's new tobacco was winning a reputation for excellence in Edinburgh. For 182 years this cool and fragrant leaf, entirely free from artificial flavouring, has been the critical pipe smoker's choice. And to-day John Cotton No. 1 Cigarettes are winning equal renown among the men and women who seek a deeper satisfaction from their smoking.



BY APPOINTMENT
CLEAN DESSERTS
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

John Cotton Tobacco
Nos. 1 and 2, 4/5 oz.
No. 4, 4/5 oz. Empire, 4/11 oz.
No. 1 Cigarettes, 2/11 for 20.



MADE IN EDINBURGH SINCE 1770



Goodwood

What are they talking about?

No, they're not talking about the last winner. They're talking about Burrough's Gin. People who really understand, and really think about their gin drinks, always prefer Burrough's, because it is triple distilled. This extra refinement makes it soft, smooth and perfectly clean to the palate.

Delicious taken plain, Burrough's Gin also "keeps its place" in even the most delicate cocktails. Price 33/9 per bottle; 17/7 per half bottle.

ENJOYED SINCE 1820

BURROUGH'S Gin

BEEFEATER

IT IS TRIPLE DISTILLED!

JAMES BURROUGH LTD., 75 CALS DISTILLERY, RUTTON ROAD, L.N. 11



FOR FACES & PLACES



You can't go wrong with
Selochrome—you get a good
picture every time.



ILFORD

SELOCHROME

FILM



2/26



The hind-legs propel him up. The fore-legs are tucked in, clear of the bar. The rider leans forward, shifting his weight over the neck. His thighs grip the saddle. His toe is light in the stirrup. The reins are firm in the grasp of a master. *It all adds up to a faultless round.*

WELL GATHERED

The companies which are gathered together to form
Associated Electrical Industries have names which are household words.
In Britain alone, thirty factories in twenty different towns produce
between them over £60,000,000-worth of equipment in a year.

The companies of A.E.I., working separately and together,
are a fine example of co-ordinated effort for the public good.

These are the companies of A.E.I.

Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co Ltd
The British Thomson-Houston Co Ltd
The Edison Swan Electric Co Ltd
Ferguson Patin Ltd
The Hotpoint Electric Appliance Co Ltd
International Refrigerator Co Ltd
Newton Victor Ltd
Premier Electric Heaters Ltd
Sumic Controls Ltd

It all adds up to

A E I

Associated Electrical Industries



— and friend

In whatever company it may find itself, White Horse Whisky is at home. It will grace the great and dazzling occasion; or lend itself to a discreet conspiracy with the soft lamp and the quiet book. It has nobility with no hint of condescension; warmth with no trace of fire. And it is never more genial, never more companionable, than when it is at home in *your* home

WHITE HORSE Scotch Whisky



CHARIVARIA

AN American guide-book for visitors to Europe says that the English are "a healthy, handsome, sturdy people, clean-limbed, fair-skinned and athletic, who suffer from the most agonizing, excruciating national inferiority complex in the world." We're furious about that last bit.

Shrewd observers are of opinion that the decision to postpone presentation of the long-awaited Transport Bill until after Parliament's summer recess has been prompted by official reports of sensationally mounting thefts from trains and buses—more than a million pounds' worth during the last working year. It is thought that the Government will arrange further postponements from time to time, confident that the transport services will gradually revert to private ownership without the need for Parliamentary intervention.

One feature of the Festival for Cats, advertised to take place at the New Horticultural Hall, Westminster, to-day, is a "Department Test for Cats on Leads." Our view is that they shouldn't be allowed to get up there at all.

In a Commons debate on civil aviation Mr. C. I. Orr-Ewing gave an illustration of how administrative costs might be reduced. He had recently flown by a private airline in Canada, and at the booking-office on the aerodrome found only one man. "This man

checked the tickets, weighed the baggage, spoke to the aircraft on the radio-telephone, reported on a teleprinter to the Ottawa office how many seats on the aircraft were spare, signalled to the aircraft with bats where it had to stop, wheeled out the steps, wheeled out the baggage, embarked the passengers, and then signalled the aircraft to go on its way." Clean forgot he was supposed to be flying the thing.

"'Queen Lear,' an adaptation of Shakespeare's 'King Lear,' having a circus background and featuring an all-woman cast, has been booked to tour colleges and universities for the next three years."—*New York Times*

Then Stratford?

The summer sales in and around Oxford Street opened during a heat wave and attracted fewer shoppers than was expected. It seems that a good deal of custom was diverted to an exhibition of paintings which opened on the same day at the Cooling Galleries.

Of a number of recent judicial references to the improved financial status of the working classes, possibly the most revealing was made before the West Riding Quarter Sessions Appeals Committee the other day, when a landlord sought the quashing of an order requiring him to provide dust-bins for the use of his tenants at Royston. For the appellant it was stated



P



161



2001.61

that the tenants were miners, whose income had greatly increased since before the war, and there was no reason why the landlord should buy dust-bins "when in many cases the tenants were the more prosperous." As the landlord in the case was one of the Big Five banks we are taking the tip and moving our account to one of the other four.

London dramatic critics are alarmed by the report that a mechanical fault in an Odense, Denmark, theatre caused the revolving stage to revolve at high speed, flinging a member of the cast into the stalls. They are asking what compensation would be forthcoming in the event of a direct hit from Mr. Fred Emney.

With an alligator on the loose in Derby, a kangaroo appearing unexpectedly in a suburban garden and a squirrel defying two policemen at Luton, the public

learns with some apprehension that King Kong is to be released again.

An Associated Press report says that a Mr. Charlie Hughes, of Baxter, Tennessee, who has climbed a pole in his garden every morning at five o'clock for twenty-eight years and blown a bugle, has suddenly decided to go away for a fortnight's holiday. Local tradesmen are in hot competition to get out a window display of alarm clocks.

From a New Yorker advertisement:

"There's as much energy in a drop of gasoline as there is in a drop of nitro-glycerine. But the problem is to put that energy to work. Our engineers aren't content just to mix that drop with air and touch it off. They've designed an engine that brings it catapulting into the cylinder head, where it strikes a turbo-top piston—gets whirled into a churning, swirling ball of tight-packed energy. Then it's fired."

Got too big for the job.

MOTHER KNOWS SHE KNOWS BEST

MY mother wrote and said what did I mean, "Pamela was staying with me"? How could anyone stay with me in a bed-sitting room? Was she sleeping on the floor?

I wrote back and said yes, she was.

My mother wrote and said what! On the floor? Was I mad? How could she sleep on the floor? Suppose my mother met her mother in the village, how could she look her in the face? Why didn't Pamela get a room? I had known her for years,

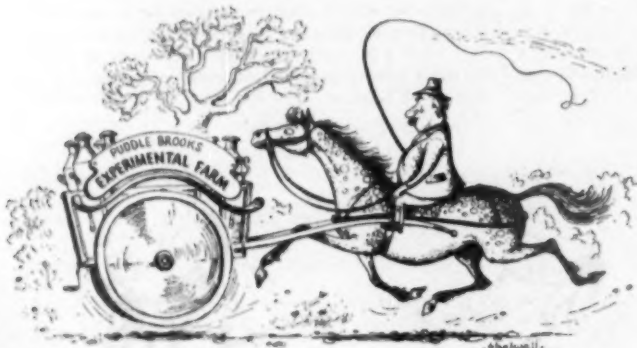
since we were at school, and I owed it to her to be more sensible. Suppose she got pneumonia? How could I nurse anyone with pneumonia on the floor?

I wrote and said we had borrowed a divan mattress and it wasn't as bad as all that. Anyway, it was only temporary. Pamela expected a job at any minute that might take her on tour and it wasn't worth her while to get anything permanent.

My mother wrote back and said well. Thank goodness for something.

She certainly had enough to worry about with me, but at least I wasn't on the stage. At least she hadn't got that to haunt her. She was very sorry for Pamela's mother who was an extremely nice woman and had been wonderful with the Brownies at the village fête. Why didn't Pamela do something sensible? She was always flitting from one town to another and scrambling in and out of make-up, and now she was on my floor. My mother thought it was very sad. Why didn't Pamela take up something steady like a bank? Mildred Spencer was in a bank now and her school reports had been worse than Pamela's or mine. She would get a wonderful pension. Or why didn't Pamela marry some nice, sensible young man who had a good, safe job so she knew where she was? And me, for that matter. Although she had given me up. Only the other day my mother met old Mrs. Granger who said straight away: "Isn't your daughter married yet?" And my mother had to say: "No." People were beginning to look at my mother as though she was peculiar. Didn't we realize that in another fifteen years we would be forty?

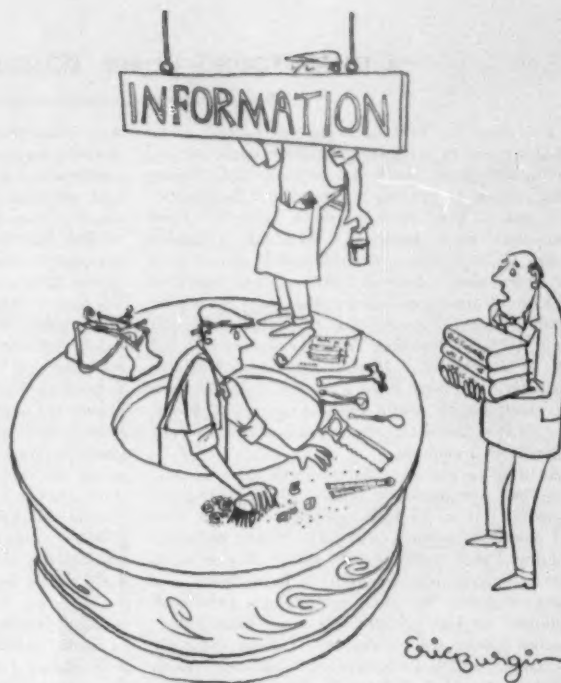
There was Pamela, wasting the



best years of her life in terrible dressing-rooms with all those outlandish people. My mother knew actors and actresses were different nowadays, but she had met some and they were still very odd. Hair down their backs and borrowing money. If Pamela wasn't careful she would turn out like that. It wasn't as though she were Bette Davies. Certainly she had seemed very good in the one or two school plays when my mother had seen her (Pamela), but that didn't alter the fact that she wasn't Bette Davies. My mother couldn't imagine Bette Davies sleeping on my bed-sitting room floor.

I wrote and said she could stop worrying. Pamela was no longer on my floor. She was in Manchester. She had a wonderful part in a new play that was on its pre-West End tour and it looked as though she was getting a real break at last.

My mother wrote back and said, there! She always knew! Perseverance was what counted and if you kept on at a thing long enough you always won it in the end. She always knew Pamela had it in her. Always. MARJORIE RIDDELL



"....How do I get in it?"

GENERAL TO PARTICULAR

"DID you read what a bank manager said at a dinner some time ago? 'When your bank manager says no,' he said, 'it is the reaction of a specially selected character conditioned by a lifetime of purposeful training.'"

"I should have thought it was a skill that could be acquired on the job. What is the purpose of this training? Given a proposition, to teach him to say No to it with increasing conviction? Or, given that the objective is a colourless No, to teach him to say it to propositions of increasing attractiveness?"

"I am in no doubt, myself, about the purpose of the training. What I find interesting is the question of selection. At what age, do you imagine, your potential bank manager is picked out?"

"He's got to get in that lifetime of training."

"Do you remember any of your children of whom you could have said 'No need to worry about that one—a bank manager'?"

"I had one who, when you put to him something he wouldn't wear, would throw himself on the floor and scream."

"He sounds better equipped to be a customer than a manager. Anyway, how the bank manager says No is not so important as what he says it to. Do you remember any of your children more than the others who made a fuss about lending his toys?"

"None of them was keen."

"Suppose the toys it was being suggested should be lent were toys which weren't in any case in current use, and which if they weren't lent would be lying in the bedroom cupboard doing nothing?"

"None of my children would

have seen that that affected the issue."

"Suppose the proposition had been put to them that if they lent some toys they would be returned in a stated time, and all the time they were out of their keeping the children borrowing them would be bringing them toys of their own, which they would leave with them to keep. What then?"

"None of my children, I imagine, would have said No to that."

"Then I'd like to guess that none of your children is now a bank manager."

"As a matter of fact, one is."

"He's probably mine. When my bank manager says No to me—and he frequently does—it is the reaction of a character chosen at random (he isn't the first who has known me, and he won't be the last), conditioned by a period of selective experience."

G. A. C. WITHERIDGE

"A DIARY FOUND IN HIS POSSESSION . . ."

A footnote to recent espionage revelations

TUES. Jun. 9. Still no reply my protest about H.Q.'s complex rendezvous arrangements, so proceeded as laid down, per H.Q.I./9x/Plaice/19G, hoping this time for successful receipt microfilm "Twostroke."

Set out in good time to meet "Charlie" (new contact man since arrest of "Archibald") outside National Gallery, to-day's check-point and a poor choice in my view. Arrived 1930 hrs. punc. and kept sharp lookout among crowds for man carrying cricket bat and humming Eton Boating 8. Eye soon caught by man, red beard, crossing Trafalgar Square with bat (small, as child's toy). Displayed my identifications prominently, viz. copy *What Katy Did at School*, with lady's elbow-length white evening glove as place-marker (N.B.—As usual, these identifications troublesome locate and acquire).

After waiting gap in traffic ten mins. man crossed, twirling bat ostentatiously but humming "Donkey Serenade." But as he took position beside me and looked pointedly at glove and book I gave password for the day, "Fine night for Ivy's party. Mother's got hay fever." Response should have been "Give her my best regards," but man said "She's welcome," and jumped on bus just drawing away from lights. Impossible follow, and in any case I suspected man not "Charlie" and bat coincidence. Continued wait. At 2200 hrs. decided "Charlie" prevented keeping appointment or gone Nat. Portrait Gallery round corner in error; such a slip easy, owing bad H.Q. planning, but too late go and look now. Any case, thought man passing and re-passing me with pair dumb-bells possible M.I.5. Home and bed 2330 hrs. V. tired. Could not get on with *What Katy Did at School*.

Thurs., Jun. 11. All yesterday locating and acquiring this evening's identifications as per H.Q.I./18b/Halibut/4F, viz. Civil Service brief-case with royal cipher, 2 hard-boiled eggs inside (one spare). Made way in good time bandstand Hyde Park, taking seat back row 2000 hrs. punc., placing brief-case seat on my left. Awaited "Charlie"—identifications, striped trousers, carrying noise-maker (I supposed carnival novelty, but H.Q.I. again ambig.)—through *Caliph of Bagdad* overture, selection *Merric England*, selection Luigini's *Ballet Russe*. At interval, still no inquiry as expected, "Is this anybody's seat?", but when band filed from stand to chat friends, relations in audience, man carrying trombone handed me brief-case from next seat with remark "Nobody sitting here, was there?" and entered conversation young blonde woman rocking pram. Owing slight inaccuracy password I delayed reply, but noting gold stripe trousers and interpreting tromb. as noise-maker I later spoke as laid down, viz. "That last piece was too loud," and commenced peeling h-b. egg. Instead of responding correctly "It is the drummer who bangs too hard," man said "Hear that, Edie, of all the blasted sauce,"

and continued to speak violently against Brit. Civ. Service, waving brief-case. Blonde woman threatened strike with handbag, but other handmen approached and escorted me another part of park. Roughly handled, esp. by two young cornet-players; spare egg ruined. Man wearing baseball cap and carrying football attempted trip me as I ran; think possibly M.I.5. Home 2200 hrs., another wasted day.

Later. Have coded sharp protest H.Q., reference rendezvous arrangements. Busy day to-morrow assembling Saturday's identifications, pair dumb-bells, watering-can, copy *Rabbit Fancier's Year Book*. Depressed, feel H.Q. making unnecessary difficulties, cannot see why not possible utilize old identifications afresh: have already in my lodgings stuffed squirrel, ebony-handled swordstick, emery-board, gas cape, beach umbrella, stage turkey, box Christmas tree ornaments, roll wallpaper, lady's girdle (not used, day "Archibald" taken), set sweep's brushes, pair castanets, "Return from Inkerman" framed gilt, white bucket, plaster carp in case, Arsenal shirt and two sections 3' 6" wattle fencing.

Sat. Jun. 13. Must record dissatisfaction at last-minute revision identifications to-day's meeting "Charlie" (1500 hrs., Fishmongers' Hall, City). Dumb-bells, *Rabbit Fancier's Y.B.*, etc., now cancelled, substituting coil of hosepipe tied with twine. What is H.Q. up to? Have instructions for "Charlie" also been changed? No mention of this in amendment to H.Q.I./4k/Turbot/21P. (Was to wear plimsolls, carry Pekingese.) Feel uneasy whole situation.

Later. Cell, Bishopsgate P/Station. Hope possible smuggle diary out, so note for H.Q. here. Mission not accomplished. Arrived Fish. H. 1500 punc. with hosepipe as laid down (coiled up). At 1515 hrs. approached by big man in running shorts carrying spiked shoes, javelin. As no one else in sight, and in view altered arrangements identification, surmised v. likely "Charlie" and addressed accordingly: "My auntie is upset this afternoon," to which he should have responded, "Give her my best regards," but instead remarked, "Why, has she missed her hosepipe?" Suspected arrangements miscarried and endeavoured move away, but man brought me here, being a police sergeant called in by landlady's neighbour to recover hosepipe, though en route for Police Sports at Beckenham. **URGENT.** Cannot over-emphasize importance clarity all future instructions. Meantime, hope still to conceal whole truth here, and if larceny charge only one preferred intend ask numerous other offences taken into consideration, viz. stuffed squirrel, ebony-handled swordstick, emery-board, gas-cape, beach umbrella, stage turkey, box Christmas tree ornaments, roll wallpaper, lady's girdle, set sweep's brushes, pair castanets, "Return from Inker—" . . .

J. B. BOOTHROYD



THE CHOICE BEFORE LABOUR



"Tram-drivers make jolly good bus-drivers, if you break them in gradually."

THE FUGITIVE

MR. TAXICORN awoke with a terrible start. It was no wonder, for he had dreamed that he was a rose. He had been running as hard as he could run over a sun-burnt lawn on two short, green stems, with one longer than the other, panting in every petal, waving his fragile green arms as he ran.

He could not say what kind of a rose he had been, for sometimes his colour seemed to change from the carmine red of Alfred K. Williams to the brilliant orange of Gloria Mundi, or from the glowing pink of Dame Edith Helen to the ivory-white, tinged pink on edges, of Mrs. Foley Hobbs.

A dewy perspiration dropped from him as he ran, for he was being chased over the glaring ground by root-rot, canker, leaf-scorch, anthracnose, aphides, caterpillars, sawflies, leaf-cutting bees, earwigs, cock-chafers and thrips. The faces of the thrips were particularly terrible, but he could hear also the truculent cries of ants, as they drove their herds of aphides afield, to drain the honeydew from his heart and bring

it back to the stables, where they milk these insects for their food.

Ahead of him, he knew, if he could only reach it, there lay a land of safety, or comparative safety, guarded by ichneumon flies, which lay their eggs in the eggs of moths, and by lace-wing flies and ladybirds, which feed upon aphides.

Still further away there was a pleasant belt of land, in which fountains were springing up from the grass—fountains of paraffin and quassia, and nicotine, and carbon bisulphide, and tar; and all the time two quotations were running through his agonized brain, and he could not be certain that they were correct. To get them right seemed to him almost as important as to escape from his enemies. The first was

"A plentiful moisture encumbered the flower and it hung down its beautiful head,"

from Jane and Ann Taylor. The second was

"They hunted the bear on the gilded parterre."

But he thought it might be the gay parterre, or possibly neither. He only knew that it was the best snatch of light verse in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, a work which is otherwise almost entirely devoted to prose; but strangely enough in his dream it was not Gibbon who wrote the *Decline and Fall*, but Gardiner.

And then he stumbled. At the moment of stumbling it seemed to him that he had just changed from General MacArthur, who is bright scarlet red, to President Hoover, who is orange-yellow, shaded scarlet and pink. One of the caterpillars of the Winter Moth had caught him round the ankles, and two more sentences immediately flashed through his mind:

"They are the gentry that roll the leaves together and also eat into the flower buds,"

and

"Eternal vigilance is the price of safety."

In the whole book of his General Culture and Management there were no more alarming words. He tried to fight the creature off with two of his thorns, but in vain.

He sat up in bed with a loud cry. He determined to give up horticulture and climb Mount Everest.

EVER

THE ENGLISH CONVERSATIONALIST

"TELL you what, old boy, give me a ring some time."

"All right, then, I'll give you a ring . . . When shall we say?"

"Any time, really, so long as I'm there. Tuesday?"

"Tuesday? Yes, I can manage Tuesday."

"Fine! You'll be ringing me, then?"

"Yes, I'll give you a ring Tuesday. If by any chance I don't, I'll try to get it organized for Wednesday."

"Fair enough, old boy. You've got my number?"

"Don't think I have, not exactly."

"I'd better give it you, then."

"Yes, all right; you give me your number and I'll write it down."

"That'd be the best thing. Ready? Birkenwell 4832."

"Birkenwell? That's the Exchange, is it?"

"Yes, and 4832 is our number. When they answer, ask to speak to me."

"All right, then, old boy, that's settled. Tuesday. Failing that, Wednesday."

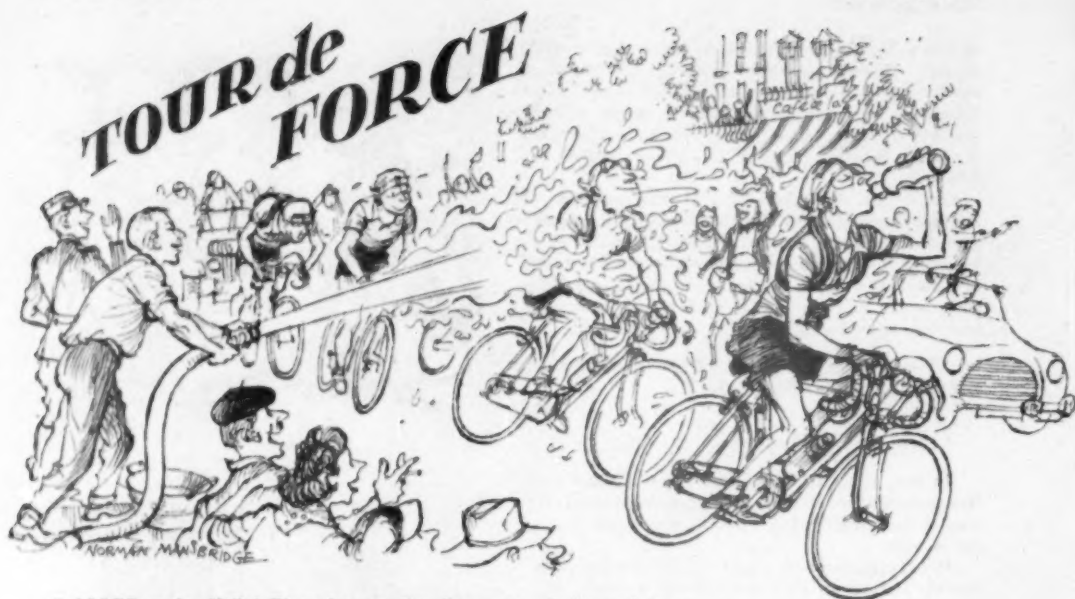
"O.K., then, you'll be calling me."

"Yeah, I'll be calling you. Think that's the best thing, don't you?"

"That seems the drill to me. Or tell you what, old boy. I could call you . . ."

COLIN HOWARD





"*ALLEZ, roulez, Nello! Vivent les Français!*" The cheers are deafening as Nello Lauredi, the muscular French champion, pedals over the bridge on his ten-gear machine.

"*Vive l'homme en jaune!*" shout the harvest workers as Rik van Steenberghe of Belgium sails up the avenue of slender beeches. He is wearing the coveted yellow sweater, mark of overall leadership. Smiling, he salutes the television cameras set up outside a red-and-white half-timbered barn. He is the first man to put on the *maillot* in the thirty-ninth Tour de France.

With a noise like the whirring of wings one hundred and twenty-two striped insects fly through the village, heads down, legs pumping, their coloured jerseys vivid against the grey-shuttered houses.

"*Rouge avec crois blanche,*" calls the postman, clinging to the war memorial. "*Vivent les Suisses!*"

"*Aleçon . . . Métropole . . . Stella . . . La Perle,*" chant the schoolboys straddling the patterned brick wall of the manor. They can just make out the bicycle names written across riders' chests.

Beyond the level-crossing a

cyclist dismounts. Indisposed by the heat? *Mais non.* It is merely that his chain has jumped. The sun beats down fiercely. Two garage men wait by the bus stop holding buckets of water to fling over the riders.

"*Vas-y!*" call the farm labourers under the apple trees. Hoarse with excitement, they cheer the gadget demonstrators, the free-sample men and the three hundred and fifty publicity experts from firms making gears, tyres, bicycles, *apéritifs*, knitting wool and bottled water.

Dogs bark. Loud protests come from cows tethered in rows in the turnip fields. Weather-beaten Norman housewives wave coyly at the fifty race officials, the sixty team managers, the timekeepers, mechanics, doctors, masseurs and no less important hairdressers. And everyone cheers the *directeurs sportifs* who stand on the seats of gleaming pastel convertibles and shout instructions through megaphones.

Rainbow-hued jeeps and cars with bicycles on the roofs roll slowly down the main street. Waving sheepishly from brand new saloons sit three hundred gentlemen of the sporting Press of six countries.

The French are not a sport-loving nation, their business firms are no great believers in advertising, yet the Tour de France is perhaps the longest, costliest and most colossal sporting event in the world. Sponsored by newspapers, backed by bicycle firms and organized by a large staff working for twelve months, it surpasses the best publicity efforts of America.

For one ecstatic month France goes crazy. Nothing matters but the twenty-three-lap race.

Lap sprinters do not usually come out high in the final classification. The *maillot jaune* changes hands many times. Last year, the Dutch leader, Van Est, had no sooner donned the magic garment than he disappeared over a precipice. He was hauled up uninjured on a rope of knotted inner tubes, but he lost the leadership. The decisive duel was then fought in the Pyrenees between veteran Fausto Coppi of Italy—this year's favourite and eventual winner—and Hugo Koblet, a *néophyte* from Switzerland.

Breathless, the whole Continent west of the Iron Curtain learned of Koblet's puncture, his recovery and furious pursuit. Ears were glued to

radio sets. The hour-by-hour story was chalked on blackboards. *Suspense palpante!* Then came the news: "Hugo carries the sweater" and finally "Hugo wins the Tour."

Each year the lap successes of the French regional teams are celebrated in every *bistro* in the country. The mistakes of the *capitaines directeurs* are corrected by innumerable wicker-chair critics. Heavy drinkers in Marseilles argue passionately over the merits of *citronnade*, weak tea and mineral water. Hearty eaters in Dijon wrangle over the contents of the lunch package, consumed *en roulant*.

A length of bread filled with ham, another spread with cheese, four fruit tarts, three peaches, two bananas, several plums and some sugar—is this enough to keep energetic fighting Frenchmen in the saddle? Would they not benefit by egg yolks beaten up in champagne, sipped from a drinking bottle?

During overnight halts, when the riders are farmed out in flag-bedecked hotels, solicitous townsfolk collect at the dining-room windows to watch the giants of the road devouring their gigantic meals. And no one enjoys the spectacle more than the policemen holding back the throng.

The Tour began this year at Brest, with ceremonial handshakes and speeches, naval guards keeping order, brass bands playing and Gémiani clowning in a Breton hat. A snip of the tricolour ribbon and



the riders were off on their three-thousand-mile journey.

Only sixty per cent will survive. The rest will succumb to accident, exhaustion, elimination and despair. They will be vanquished by the Vosges, the Jura, the Alps, the Pyrenees, the *Massif Central* and the gruelling Riviera sunshine. It is no race for weaklings. Even the national champions can often be seen sitting at the roadside in dejection while team mates urge "Courage! It is for France."

As the pace quickens, wild challenges are thrown, rash promises made. In 1949, when Italy was about to win the Tour for a second year in succession, a French leader bragged that he himself, and he alone, could take care of the Italian aces Coppi and Bartali. His remark travelled with the speed of light. And when the cavalcade crossed into Italian territory the French riders were met with stones, beer, mud and ignoble gestures.

By coincidence, at the *grand finale* in Paris, while Coppi was making the triumphal double circuit of the track, the flowers of the winner on his handlebars, another storm broke out. Lunch crusts were tossed. Paper bags and fruit rained down. But they were not aimed at Coppi. It was simply that a hundred photographers were obscuring the view of people in the expensive seats. The Press naturally retaliated, officials intervened and soon a glorious free-for-all was blazing. No one would have missed it for the world. Since then, until this year, the Tour has avoided Italy.

The French have grown accustomed to losing their own race—in

the last twelve Tours they have won only three times—but there is never a trace of chagrin in the welcome extended to the winners.

Last year they stood cheering in an unbroken line from the vineyards of Burgundy to the Parc des Princes, Paris. For ten hours they spurred on the weary riders with continuous applause. And the cries of "Gino . . . Fiorenzo . . . José . . . Wim . . . Hans . . ." were no less fervent than those of "André . . . Raphaël . . . Lucien . . ."

And what a reception they give the victor, each year, at the velodrome! Autograph hunters mob him. Adoring maidens kiss him. "*Bien tel que sur les photos*," they shriek. Accordion music peals through the amplifiers in a fortissimo song of joy.

Above all, the Man in Yellow joins the gallery of pin-up boys. His radiant smile beams from the glossy postcards on tobacconists' revolving racks, in company with Bobet, Charles Boyer, Danny Kaye and a British statesman famed on the Continent for his good looks. Whatever his nationality, the winner of the French Tour becomes a French hero.

A. V. DAVIS



KINGS OF THE CASTLE

"THE great thing now," said Mr. Chubb, more to himself than to the child or Mrs. Chubb, "is to make sure that the walls are smooth."

Mrs. Chubb, flat on her back, made a drowsy sound of assent, and flicked ineffectively at a trickle of sand on her forehead.

The little boy, on his haunches, stared fixedly at the castle. He hadn't budged for ten minutes, except silently to pass Mr. Chubb an ice-cream carton for scooping out windows, or to wave away an inquisitive dog with what he imagined to be a menacing scowl.

Mr. Chubb began to hum a little tune as with an expression of extreme deliberation he patted at the walls with the flat of the spade. He paused now and then to scrape off a bulge with a special tool he had made by folding up one of Mrs. Chubb's picture postcards. There was no sound but the quiet thud of the spade, and Mr. Chubb's endless sing-song tune, and the distant whisper of the sea.

At last, the patting completed, Mr. Chubb admired the symmetry of the castle from all angles, moving through the hot sand on his hands and knees, and shading his eyes from the sun.

Awed and silent, the child watched his every move.

"Now," said Mr. Chubb, sitting back and looking proudly at his wife. "What about a tunnel?"

"Mm," murmured Mrs. Chubb,

nodding imperceptibly and dreaming of a strawberry sundae last seen in August 1939.

"A tunnel," said Mr. Chubb, gently prodding her. "What do you think about a tunnel?"

Mrs. Chubb opened her eyes, sighed comfortably, and turned on to her side, the sun-glasses sliding down her nose. She looked vaguely at the castle.

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Chubb. "A tunnel would be lovely, dear."

Mr. Chubb beamed.

The child, who had watched their faces searchingly during this vital discussion, hunched up his shoulders for greater concentration, and returned his gaze to the ramparts.

Mr. Chubb took up the spade and narrowed his eyes, searching for the best strategic spot at which to start the excavation. He weighed the spade thoughtfully in his hand and pursed up his lips.

Bright-eyed, the child watched intently, scarcely breathing.

Very deliberately Mr. Chubb plunged the spade into the base of the castle, and pulled out—cautiously, fearfully—a crumbling mound of sand. No calamity occurred. The wall held firm. Mr. Chubb smiled and flashed a quick look of triumph at the boy.

The operation once begun, Mr. Chubb lost all thought for the heat of the sun, the fixed gaze of the child, the lazy murmuring of

Mrs. Chubb as she read out snippets from yesterday's paper. The tunnel claimed all his attention. The spade went in and out, surely, firmly, with precision and confidence, until at last, after rather more than a century of agonized waiting, the eyes of the child opened wider as he observed the base of the wall at his side quiver, and shake, and then burst outwards. There was a hole! There was a tunnel! And there, peering through from his side as the boy peered through from his, was a red-faced Mr. Chubb!

The boy controlled his excitement more quickly than Mr. Chubb. He got back soberly on to his haunches and blinked gravely as Mr. Chubb pulled at his wife's shoulder and pointed to his achievement.

"Mm?" said Mrs. Chubb. "Yes, dear. Very nice."

"Right through," said Mr. Chubb.

Mrs. Chubb nodded, momentarily raising her eyebrows to express the utmost astonishment. Then she turned away dreamily to observe the sly approach of the sea.

"And now," said Mr. Chubb to himself, but with great importance, "the shells."

Without a word the child passed him the red bucket with the yellow stripe, half-filled with shells, fragments of shells, and curious tiny pebbles suitable for the representation of spy-holes, gargoyles, windows, men on look-out, and other familiar adornments of castles. With delicate fingers Mr. Chubb now began to select a shell here, a pebble there, pressing them gently into position, and cocking his head from time to time appraisingly.

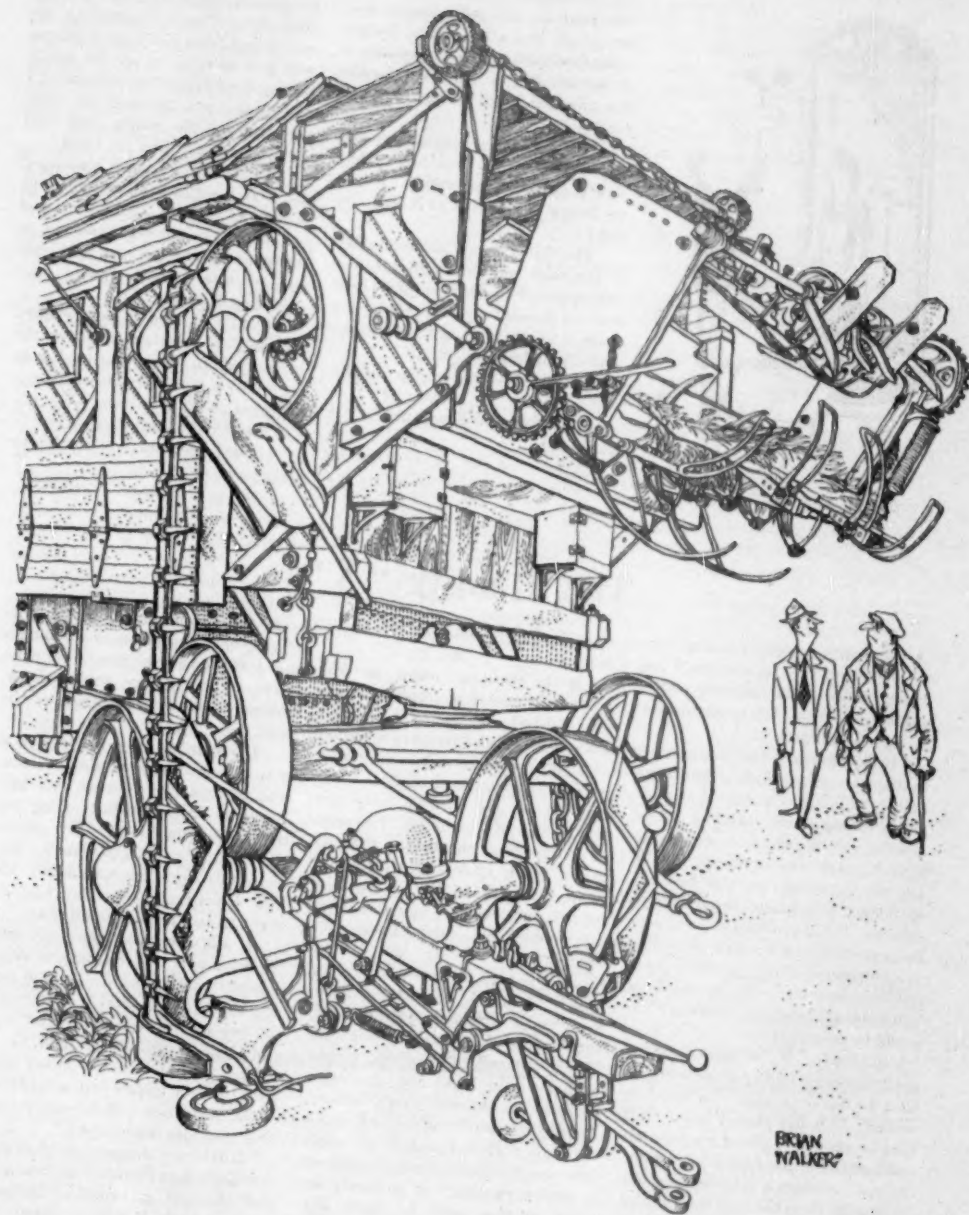
Patience, running sand from one small palm to the other, the child watched.

Mrs. Chubb made a tent for her face with the newspaper and dozed.

And then at last, when the sea had crept up to within twenty yards of their encampment, Mr. Chubb placed in the topmost pinnacle of the castle a pennant, cunningly wrought from a match-stick and a



"... Furthermore, I believe myself to be the first white man to undertake this journey on foot ..."



"Well, you must admit that this machine ago has simplified agriculture."



"To be perfectly honest, lady,
this one baffles me too . . ."

strip of silver-paper from one of his wife's chocolates, and it was done. He rose to his full height and stretched, and after a final look—half of satisfaction, half of wonder—at his handiwork, sat down beside his wife and fished under the towel for his cigarettes.

Without a word being spoken the castle, in that moment, underwent a change of ownership. It was no longer Mr. Chubb's: it was the child's.

The child, wiping his hands free of the sand, got slowly to his feet and approached Mr. Chubb. There was suppressed excitement in his voice, and still a trace of awe, as he said "Finished?"

Mr. Chubb looked up briefly and nodded.

"Yes," smiled Mr. Chubb. "All finished."

A look of the most exquisite happiness spread over the face of the

child. Clenching his fists, with his arms held straight down at his sides, he uttered a prolonged shriek of joy. And Mrs. Chubb, snatching the newspaper from her face in alarm, was just in time to see his small, brown, lithe figure leap into the air and come down, feet first, on to the very top of the castle, and sink down in ecstasy into its ruins.

Mr. Chubb, who was nothing if not a philosopher, observed, as he began to collect their scattered belongings in preparation for a retreat, that the sea was now only six or seven yards away and gathering speed.

"And, of course," he explained to Mrs. Chubb as they paused on the promenade to empty the sand from their shoes, "children have quite a different sense of values."

Mrs. Chubb smiled secretly.

"Yes," she said. "I suppose they have, dear."

ALEX ATKINSON

The Quality "X"

AS a hunting ground in which to look for the mysterious force which makes of the ordinary player a champion, this club might not be thought the happiest.

It is true that one is expected to display enough skill to return the ball within reasonable reach of either the opponent standing on the baseline about six feet inside the right-hand sideline or the opponent's partner standing on the baseline about six feet inside the left-hand sideline. But it is considered vaguely indecent to run for a ball which has been dropped short over the net; instead, one waits for an apology from the offender and asks that the game be restarted.

Similarly, it is not thought really sporting to direct one's return shot to the opponent who has just served. It is felt that it is only fair that he should be given a moment's rest and a breather from his exertion. On one occasion a ball had darted diagonally from the racket of a Miss Hodgkin and flown in the direction of a Mr. Daniels. He, I'm told, had dropped his racket after serving and

was adjusting the braces of his grey flannels.

It is perhaps unfair to Mr. Daniels, who took the ball squarely amidships, to draw harsh inferences from this one recorded incident: one doesn't reasonably expect a man to be at his best when his braces are cutting into his shoulders. Nevertheless, I cannot get away from the feeling that he might, even under such pressure, have waited until the end of the game to perform the adjustment, if only he had been endowed with that quality "X."

Mr. Budge Patty in his recent efforts* to track down this "extra something" seems to place too much emphasis on the physical. While still splendid assets, height and powerful build are, one must realize, no longer vital factors. Against the advantages of a Kramer serve or a Budge smash one must now weigh a high-crowned trilby or a scarlet sweater. It is surely an error in the book to omit any

* "Tennis My Way," by Budge Patty. Hutchinson, 10s 6

reference to, for instance, the psychological advantages of donning a hat? Or to the dangers of allowing your opponent to settle down, through a too-consistent use of the trick?

I remember once playing in a match against a fellow called Wilson who was notoriously weak over-hat. I had no hesitation in wearing my trilby; and for the first few games the strategy paid handsomely. The chap was quite at sea, lifting his lobs excessively over the hat so that the ball regularly fell out.

I was surprised, therefore, on the cross-over to get a piece of ring-side advice from Shrubs—one of our brightest players and a master of the cap and eye-shade.

"Mix it up," he urged in a behind-the-hand hiss. "Vary the trilby with a jockey cap, a sportive cloth, a green shade—anything. Don't let him settle down."

It is to my shame that I lost the first set before I heeded the warning and changed my tactics. Wilson, of course, had got so used to the height of my trilby that his

over-hat was no longer weak. As soon as he began to be in doubt whether I was going to don or not he started missing his over-hat lobs as he had been doing in the beginning.

Without doubt Shrubs is by a long chalk our best-equipped member. In shorts, possibly, he was, for a time, a trifle weak. But he patiently concentrated on that part of his dress. He tried in cotton and flannel, at various lengths. He tried creasing them at the side instead of the front. He tried "Harold" down one leg in red. Only the most foppish would now consider them less than faultless.

But it is when one considers his sweaters that one loses the critical faculty. To say that they are powerful is to do them an injustice; they are quite terrific. I've seen player after player attempt to swap colours with him and be knocked right off the court. The brighter the tint comes at him the more vivid it comes back to you. Positively he loves hue.

Unfortunately Shrubs has recently gone through a period of over-confidence, which has brought about his temporary downfall. That is a danger which besets nearly every player who has reached the top. On my first trip to Upper Netherwick, to compete in the orchestral championships, I learned that my first-round

opponent was a plump six-footer many years past his prime. He was a long-trouser man who couldn't hit harder than a county badge; I anticipated little trouble. Instead of worrying about him I began to think about the opponent I should meet in the finals, and foolishly sent to the wash all my silk-mesh

singlets and the majority of my fancy socks.

I do not want to suggest that my championship quality, that mysterious force "X," was missing on that occasion simply because I was not wearing my chic arm-bands. I want only to point out that they might have made a difference.

3 2

SUMMER 1944

Recollected in Tranquillity

WE watched the fiery particle go droning like a midge
Through smoky pearl of skies at evening, over Lambeth
Bridge;

It fell to thoughtful silence, as it lost the driving spark,
And plunged to earth at Charing Cross, an angel of the dark.
The smoke-cloud marched down Whitehall, a dervish in disguise,
The gentle sky was blotted out, the grit blew in our eyes.

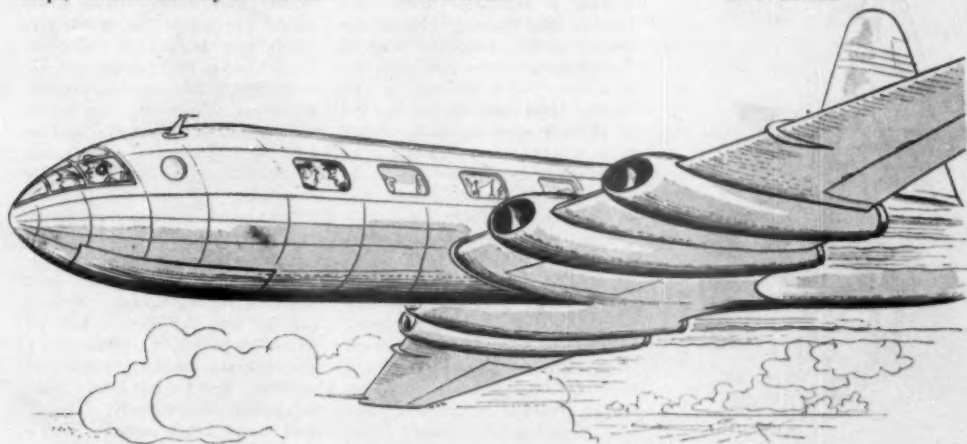
How many living laggard lay, how many lived no more,
How many sheets of shining glass shattered about the store,
We never knew, and never asked; for we must hear at night
A hundred angel-midges yet bear their impelling light
North-westward through the heavens, or fall about our ears
With great and strident music from strange unhappy spheres.

We did not ask how many maimed, how many living slain;
We put our threepence in the slot, and took the sunset train,
The shrouded, crowded Underground, crammed with the throng
of war.

Swaying upon the swinging strap, we did not ask for more;
Thought was no good for thinking; sleep was more sweet
than all.

We drifted through the tunnels like the smoke-cloud down
Whitehall.

R. P. LISTER



"But madame is facing the engine."

Book Business

(Well, why should "Show Business" have all the space?)

WHO keeps newts? Why, shock-haired, sun-browned, Anstruther Paddington, whose new volume of essays, *Dead Leaves*, is eagerly awaited. An aquarist of some standing, he has always, he tells us, found generous inspiration in pond-life. "The wooing of newts," he said, pensively dropping tiny worms into his bijou "lake," "is one of the most delicate and graceful performances of Nature. The male newt pursues his lady round the pond, but, so far as I can see, never touches her. He contents himself with passionate attitudes, laying his tail against his flanks, and executing a kind of vibratory dance, which, if done by savages in Africa, would be regarded as one of the wonders of the world. It is the nearest thing I know to the distant lovers on Keats' Grecian Urn. I watch my little amphibians for hours." Anstruther has never married, but his young friend, Mona Gage, is fond of pond-life too. "We are just friends," she said yesterday, "with a common interest." Out next Wednesday.



"I've forgotten everything about her except that she liked jellied eels."

Anthony May, who was booed by bishops in the dining-room of the Athenæum, can take encouragement, at least, from the sales of *Blue Bosoms*, now in the region of fifty thousand. This popular author owes his success, he tells us, to a happy accident. "When I left school," he says, "I could neither read nor write. It did not worry me: it happens frequently. After all, in these days, when you have radio, the films, television, the picture-papers, the comic-strips, traffic lights and zebra-crossings, why should any boy submit himself to the drudgery of reading and writing? He can get along very well without either. But then some friend introduced me to the football-pools: and I realized that, for this purpose, there was still something to be said for the two old-fashioned practices I have named. So I learned to read and write. Then I wrote my first book (*Trap 6*) and—here we are!"

Lunching yesterday at the "Creper" we heard some fascinating confessions showing the wide variety of different writers' technique. Anthony Vale, who was sharing a vegetarian meal with Lettuce (*Shy Messenger*) Darby, his attractive wife, confessed that he dictates all his books, very often two at a time. "The difficulty is," he sighed, "to remember the colours of all their eyes—isn't it, Letty? Lettuce types the stuff, and acts as a sort of 'continuity girl,' stops me when I change the hero's name, and so on." Lettuce, when she finds time for her own work, composes on to the typewriter. ("Two dictators in one house would be one too many, don't you think?") Dainty Apple Orchard, on the other hand, writes in long-hand, and in pencil. "I haven't the least idea what I think till I begin to write. And pens are too tiresome. I'm black all over after a paragraph." Angus Orme writes all his books in red ink. "It's so stimulating—you simply can't

stop." Petunia Bam can only write in a deep armchair. It is *not* true, by the way, she assured me, that she is to marry handsome Jack Rabbit, the dramatic critic. "We are just pen-friends. Of course, I'm in love with his work." Mervyn Fage owns to a restless disposition, and has to walk up and down while searching for the right word or the big idea. "So I write *standing* at a high desk: this saves a lot of getting up and sitting down again—so wearing." Call Me at Eleven, his latest, is first on Rubble's Autumn List—and should be high on yours.

Drinker, smoker, gambler, divorcee-addict, St. John Hayrick, attributes his success as a novelist to one virtue and several vices. The virtue? Industry. Punctually at 9.30 every morning he is at his desk: and by lunch-time another thousand words have been added to the growing pile of Hayrick thrillers. "But do you never find," we asked, "that inspiration fails you?" "Frequently," replied the handsome, forty-one-year, clubbable, ex-Cantab. "But I write just the same. Believe me, if authors always waited till they were 'inspired' few of the world's best books would exist. The notion that words ever 'flow from the pen' is ridiculous. They have to be squeezed out like tooth-paste. It is one long disgusting sweat. My vices," the much-married author continued, "lead me into odd company and corners, rich in material. A man can hardly write convincingly of crime if he lives the life of a monk in South Kensington. It is the same with marriage. All my four wives have been different. Each has given me new ideas about women's dress, dreams, desires, hair-do, and devilries. And, of course, there is love. From each I have gained a wonderful variety of material. But I don't think," said the author ruminatively, "that I shall marry much more." Wolf's Nest will be out next Thursday.

A. P. H.

CART TRACK

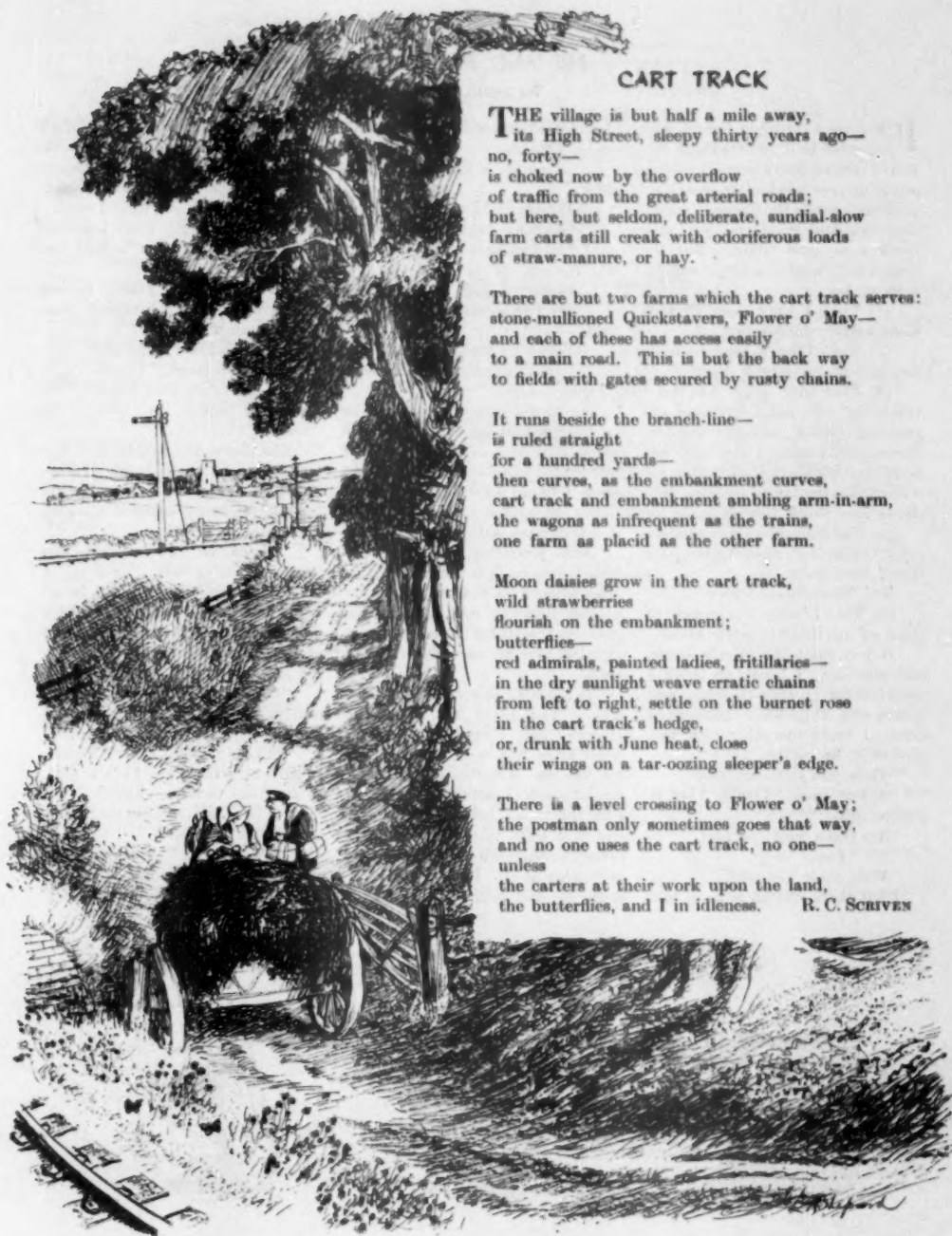
THE village is but half a mile away,
its High Street, sleepy thirty years ago—
no, forty—
is choked now by the overflow
of traffic from the great arterial roads;
but here, but seldom, deliberate, sundial-slow
farm carts still creak with odoriferous loads
of straw-manure, or hay.

There are but two farms which the cart track serves:
stone-mullioned Quickstavers, Flower o' May—
and each of these has access easily
to a main road. This is but the back way
to fields with gates secured by rusty chains.

It runs beside the branch-line—
is ruled straight
for a hundred yards—
then curves, as the embankment curves,
cart track and embankment ambling arm-in-arm,
the wagons as infrequent as the trains,
one farm as placid as the other farm.

Moon daisies grow in the cart track,
wild strawberries
flourish on the embankment;
butterflies—
red admirals, painted ladies, fritillaries—
in the dry sunlight weave erratic chains
from left to right, settle on the burnet rose
in the cart track's hedge,
or, drunk with June heat, close
their wings on a tar-oozing sleeper's edge.

There is a level crossing to Flower o' May;
the postman only sometimes goes that way,
and no one uses the cart track, no one—
unless
the carters at their work upon the land,
the butterflies, and I in idleness. R. C. SCRIVEN



ME AND MY AUNT

By Smith Minor

IF you are a reader of *Punch*, wick you must be if you read this, you will of noticed that I haven't written anything *pour une lengtempe*, as they wuold say across the Channel, saying they did, and mind you, you may think it a good thing. But the reason isn't what you might suposee, such as, i.e.:

(1) That I have been ill with some lengthy illness, or

(2) That I have been in some foreign country a great way off, or

(3) That my time has been taken up with some new and engrossing hobby, such as taming beetles, I knowing a boy who has been taming them for five months without having tamed one yet, wick shows how much time it takes, or

(4) The Editor has been sending my articleks back at such a hot pace that I have given up.

No! The aektual reason is, i.e.:

(5) That I haven't been able to think of anything to write about.

If you want the solemn truth, and why not, I began to think I wuold never be able to again, and Green, who is right five times out of seven, I being the other two, was sure of it, he saying,

"Once you stop, you stop."

"A bus stops," I said, "but it goes on again."

"Are you a bus?" he said.

"No," I said.

"Well, then," he said.

I felt there was an answer, but

I cuoldn't think of it, and still can't, so he went on,

"Of corse, a hot towel might do it."

"Do what?" I said.

"Get your brain moveing," he said, "and make it birst with ideas, like it used to."

"How?" I said.

"Do you mean how hot?" he said.

"No, how wuold it do it?" I said.

"I didn't say it wuold," he said,

"I said it might."

So we desided to try it and he tied one round my forrid and told me to wait, but all I cuold wait for was for the towel to get less hot, but when I found I cuoldn't becorse it didn't, he took it off again, and so it was a wash-out.

But yesterday, no, the day before, becorse it is now a day later than when I started owing to a fly getting into my eye, anyhow, on that day something hapened wick at long last give me use *subject* to write about.

It hapened in a rather querious way. You know my aunt, the gloomy one, I mean of her, you don't know her, well, she wrote to me like she sometimes does when she (a) needs chearing, or (b) thinks I do, this time it being a bit of both, and so I went to see her, and for twenty-seven minits we didn't chear each other at all. I know becorse I timed it. But in the end I said:

"Do you think it wuold help if each one of us said what was the matter with him or her, becorse then the other wuold know what to make for, if you get what I mean."

"Yes, I do get what I mean," she said, "and it's helped me alreddy."

"It cuoldn't of," I said, "becorse I haven't done anything yet. What's up with you?"

"I don't know," she said.

"Oh, one must," I said.

"I can't help that, I don't," she said, "I never do, that's the trouble."

She thort hard, and so did I, but niether of us cuold think of anything for her, so we had to give up. To feal gloomy without knowing why must be orful!

"If you've lost two bob you may find it," I said, "or if it's a toothacke one can say, 'I'll be all right once it stops,' or even if it's jest the weather that will clear, but if it's nothing what have you got to get hold of?"

"Only poeple like you," she said, and then went on before I cuold work it out, "Now it's your turn."

"Mine's easy," I said. "I want to write an article and I can't think of anything to write about."

"How about teaching me to ride a bisecyle?" she said.

"It's an idea," I said, "only cuold we be sure it wuold be funny?"

"We cuold be sure it wuoldn't



be funny to us," she said, "but it might be to other people."

"I didn't know you had a bicycle," I said.

"Thank goodness I haven't," she said, "so we'll have to think of something else."

We thort for five minits, and nothing came.

"I'm afrade it's no good, Annt," I said, "but never mind."

"I do mind," she said, "you've helped me and I want to help you. We'll try again."

At the end of another five minits she still hadn't thort of anything and all I'd thort of was a worm. When your mind is a blanque something nearly always comes into it if you hold on long enoufh. Mine's generelly a worm, and Green's is a grasswhopper. You might try it and see what yours is.

"Well, a worm is a start," said my aunt.

"But what does it do?" I said.

"It goes round the world," she said.

"How?" I said.

"By jest growing," she said.

"It lies on the grass, and it grows and grows till it's got round."

And then she began to laufh, and she went on so long, it was what you call histyrycal, that I got a bit anxschious and had to do things to stop her till she stopped. If I'd known she'd be going on so long I'd of timed her, becorse we might of found it was the world record.

Well, of corse, one cuokdn't really write about a worm going round the world, one's readers

wuoldn't stand for it, well, wuold you, but it was a jolly good idea for an aunt, and afterwords we desided not to think any more but to play Spillikins, she liking it.

When I told Green and said the visit had cheared my aunt but had been a wash-out for me, he said,

"Where's the wash-out, you got your subject."

"What, the worm?" I said.

FRUSTRATED EXPORTS



"No, the visit," he said.

"That wuoldn't be any good," I said.

"Try it and see," he said.

So, well, I'm trying it, and if you read this you'll know Green was right, and if you don't you'll know I was.

At least, you won't know, but I will of been.

J. JEFFERSON FARJEON



LIFE WITH THE GROOBYS

The Expert

QUITE a little crowd had gathered to examine the wreckage of the gate, which lay untidily on the pavement in front of Mrs. Fish's house. "It's not that they mean anything," Mrs. Grooby was heard to say; "it's just that they do things. They're going through a phase." Miss Quelch coughed, and Mrs. Prudder's nostrils widened and the corners of her mouth turned down. "I don't know what Mrs. Fish will say," she said with a ghastly smile.

Since Captain Fish went away the Groobys seem to have developed a kind of nautical fixation about Mrs. Fish's house. One day it is a pirate schooner; another, the

German flagship. And once Mrs. Fish came home to find the boys ransacking her kitchen for a cargo of rum they said she was hoping to put ashore under cover of darkness. They didn't find any rum, but they got away with a pound of sausages which they said would have to be quarantined.

This morning the house came sailing up the Channel flaunting a signal, composed of Mrs. Fish's smalls, which was felt to be both an insult and a challenge to peaceful merchantmen. The Groobys had come paddling down the fairway in Graham's perambulator and had lain off the pirate's bows for a while, until Mrs. Fish was observed

putting off with her string bag on a provisioning raid. They then slid under the vessel's bows and climbed aboard. After a desperate struggle, Binjie and Plod, the villainous sea-dogs who had been left on watch, were overpowered and locked in the deck-house, and the boys set about climbing the rigging to haul down the offending signal. Unfortunately the gate, which they lifted off its hinges to use as a scaling-ladder, lacked robustness: its slender timbers collapsed under their combined weight; and they had to withdraw, depositing the pieces at the gateway as they left.

I happened to be passing just as they were climbing into the perambulator and preparing to push off. They were looking thoughtfully at the remains of the gate. "Must have been lightning," they were saying, "or a tornado . . ."

Mrs. Fish didn't come back until the afternoon. The Groobys were hiding up a creek near the end of the road when she sailed by with the results of her foraging. Mrs. Prudder was also on the look-out and we could see her hopping about behind the dressing-table in her bedroom window, wondering whether to go down and tell Mrs. Fish all about it. We watched her watching Mrs. Fish, who stood looking at the bits of wood like an overburdened camel looking at a heap of straw. Pretty soon Mrs. Prudder came down and helped her into the house, and then Miss Quelch came along to wait for the bulletin.

The Prudders called to see us about tea-time, ostensibly to find out whether we thought Mr. Prudder's new shirt suited him. We waited while Mrs. Prudder worked her way round to what she actually wanted to tell us, plying her with tea and sandwich-cake.

"She thought about barbed wire," Mrs. Prudder said, towards the end of her third cup, "but then she thought it wouldn't be fair to Binjie and Plod, spaniels being a sporting breed . . . So she's asked the Botchergates to come and stay."

"The Botchergates?" we said.

"Miss Botchergate's brother is on a visit from Birmingham—



Austin Botchergate, the Educational Psychologist. He has immense experience with difficult children."

"Oh yes?" we said, remembering that Miss Botchergate had been described in similar terms.

"Boys respect a man," Mrs. Prudder said, leaning across and brushing some crumbs off Mr. Prudder's waistcoat.

The Botchergates came down the next day. Austin Botchergate was a big man, with a big, pale, expressionless face like a bread-board, and a smooth, penetrating, relentless voice which made one think of troops of children wilting away into a state of drooping normality.

Conferences were held and detached fragments of the psychologist's wisdom passed from mouth to mouth; and Mr. Prudder was given the task of mending the gate, because Mr. Botchergate had brought him out in a nervous rash. No bulletins were issued, and the Groobys were lying low, trying to keep an eye on what must have seemed to them a somewhat menacing situation.

For several days nothing happened. Mr. Botchergate sat placidly in Mrs. Fish's garden and the boys kept away. At first the method struck us as oversimplified, and we wondered what would happen when he returned to Birmingham; but gradually we managed to connect his passivity with one of his axioms—"Children have to accept you before they can approach you"—and we quite saw that it would take some time.

Five days later everybody's patience was rewarded when the psychologist got out of his deck-chair and started hammering nails into some apple trees—"If you want children to go your way you have to start by going theirs." He began rigging up one of Captain Fish's old hammocks, and sure enough it wasn't long before the Groobys came casually sauntering down the road. "Sleeping on deck," they murmured. "Maddened by the heat . . . and the female passengers."

They lingered by Mrs. Fish's wall, and then sidled tentatively into the garden, drawn by the



"Of course, we're terribly happy—but then happiness isn't everything."

mystery of Austin Botchergate's silken web of words, which issued forth without interruption—except for a moment or two after Graham had picked up the hammer and whacked him on the knee-cap. Finally the hammock was rigged and he hoisted himself into it, still talking. The boys were beginning to look markedly dazed, and we could hear him droning on about there not being much fun in worrying ladies like Mrs. Fish, and about being manly and trying their tricks on someone like himself, and so on. He was lying in the hammock now, with his eyes closed—"Never watch children, or they'll always need watching"—just going on and on and on.

Finally he must have talked himself into a trance or sleep—"Give

children your confidence, and they will give you theirs"; for the next thing we heard was a great shout of baffled rage, and there he was lying on the ground, hopelessly tangled up in the hammock, which had somehow become detached from the apple trees.

We hurried out into the road just in time to see the Groobys scooting homewards—"Children have an instinctive way of knowing when they are not wanted."

"The concert given by Sir John Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra at Wolverhampton Civic Hall last night resembled Gaul in being divided into two parts."—*Birmingham Post*
Anything to avoid a cliché.

HONEY STILL FOR TEA

"RUPERT BROOKE?" he said, and he couldn't have pumped more incredulity into his voice if he'd heard that Monaco had acquired the atom bomb.

"That's right," I said, "the man himself."

"But you're joking!"

"It was in the *Radio Times*. Saw it myself. It said that according to a recent survey Brooke is now the second most popular poet among undergraduates at Oxford."

"But this is wonderful news," he said, "wonderful! It will make a world of difference to me."

"I'm glad you like Brooke's poetry," I said.

"It's not a question of liking," he said. "I know it—inside out. Brought up on it. Learned every sonnet. Grantchester all through, even the bits of Greek and German."

"Really?" I said.

"I shall be able to quote him again with an easy conscience—something I haven't done since 1934 when he was lying eighth just behind Robert Bridges and W. H. Davies in a poll run by the *Leeds Mercury and Star*. Since then he's never been in the first twenty."

"A 'mustn't.'"

"Exactly. Matter of fact I did try to slip 'the rough male kiss of blankets' into a piece I wrote for

the house magazine of the International Wool Secretariat—in 1938, I think it was—but the editor whipped it out immediately. You're quite certain about this? He was placed second?"

"Certain."

"In a way I knew something like this would happen. Through all these years, when it's been nothing but Eliot, Auden, and Edith Sitwell, I've kept my Rupert Brooke going, never let it get rusty. I just knew he'd come back some day. And every so often, in conversation, I've tried a quote: 'Here tulips bloom as they are told' or 'Stands the church clock at ten to three?' But the look on people's faces! It was almost as bad as admitting a passion for hall chimes. Now I'll show 'em, though! By the way, did the *Radio Times* mention James Elroy Flecker?"

"No, I don't think so."

"And Eliot still number one?"

"I suppose so."

"I could scream every time I hear 'Not with a bang but a whimper,' 'Talking of Michelangelo' or 'I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.' Scream! I've used them all so often since Brooke lost ground. Funny that I should know so little Eliot considering that he's a contemporary of Rupert's. But I suppose one's capacity for poetry is strictly limited, eh?"

"Mine is infinitesimal," I said.

"A pity—you should read Brooke. A tip-top poet, full of superb imagery. Which reminds me—d'you think there's any chance of plus-fours coming back?"

"Plus-fours?"

"Association of ideas, you know. I used to be crazy about Diabolo and Ketelby."

"'In a Monastery Garden'?"

"And other things. Not to mention Pearl White and the Savoy Orpheans. Ah, well, you've cheered me up no end."

"I suppose you're dashing off now to get your photograph taken in profile?"

"It's an idea," he said.

"Cheerio then."

"And is there honey still for tea?" he said.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"May I have my apple, please?"

POTHER OF ROSES

"Lord! What a pother these poets make about roses!"—Nicholas Culpeper. *Herbal*, 1653

IN riot through lane-leaf,
in rebel array,
the wild rose with banners
besets the day,
making the morning
its thoroughfare;
the pother of roses
vexes the air.

In surcoat of sunfall
and silver of moon,
wide on the winds rides
the briar through the noon,
showering in largesse
rose-nobles of worth;
the pother of roses
disturbs all the earth.

With signal of summer,
with splendour of pride,
outlaw, the rose takes
the world in its stride;
with summons for music
from silence to start,
the pother of roses
troubles the heart.

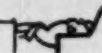
ALUN LLEWELLYN



ROY DAVIS



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, July 21

What the Royal Proclamation summoning Parliament refers to as "great events" **impending** alternated, in the most bewildering way, with events which were (shall we say?) of less importance in the Commons to-day. But it is that sort of thing which makes Parliament so fascinating a study.

There was a crowded attendance—both sides had Three-line Whips in operation—and a general air of excitement. Question-time passed relatively quietly, even when Mr. FENNER BROCKWAY made what he clearly thought to be a Sensational Revelation.

This was that United States military baseball teams had been allowed to compete at a Tory fête at Iver Heath. And (Mr. B.'s voice almost faltered as he spoke the words) they had been permitted to compete for a . . . for a . . . *Winston Churchill Trophy*. When this drew a crash of cheers from the Government side, the other side did its best to assume a collective expression of mixed sorrow and shame that such things could be.

The P.M. showed no exaggerated symptoms of repentance. In fact he beamed broadly and took a sort of curtain-call from his followers. But he agreed that he had not fully realized "the political implications that might attach to the matter," and expressed his regret "in so far as" he had erred (*Laughter*).

The House then switched abruptly to a matter which, because of its industrial implications, could certainly not be brushed aside. Mr. ALFRED ROBENS asked for a statement from the Minister of Labour, Sir WALTER MONCKTON, on the reference back to Wages Councils of distributive workers' wage-increase awards. This the Minister had done during the week-end, and it was clear that the Labour Party viewed the matter with some concern.

Sir WALTER, very calm and lawyer-like, pointed out that he had but two possible courses—to make an order giving legal effect to the findings of the Wages Councils, or to refer them back. He had no power to amend the awards, or to give partial effect to them. So, in pursuance of his duty, he had referred them back, with a request that the increases be considered in the light of the appeal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to keep down *all* wage-increases unless they are balanced by increased output.

The Minister, who is popular on all sides, was listened to in silence, but then a tornado of questioning



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Mr. Callaghan (Cardiff, S.E.)

broke over his head. Wasn't this the beginning of the breakdown of the judicial approach to wage-claims? Wasn't this letting politics come into industrial matters? Wasn't this . . . Sir WALTER replied quietly that he had merely done his duty, no more, no less.

Mr. ROBENS tried to get the House adjourned, so as to raise an emergency debate, but Mr. Speaker ruled that, while the matter was undoubtedly urgent and of public importance (as the Rules demand), the Minister had acted in accordance with an Act of Parliament, and therefore in accordance with the presumed *wishes* of Parliament. This precluded any special debate.

This ruling brought the customary shower of "points of order," but Mr. Speaker, firmly and with great good-humour, maintained it and steered the House to the next

item on the agenda. The Government asked for the imposition of a time-table (or a "Guillotine" as the Opposition—*every* Opposition—prefers to call it) on the Bill to repeal the Act which ordains that public houses in the New Towns shall be "nationalized." The Bill is before a Standing Committee, and (so it is rumoured, for the House has never any *official* knowledge of proceedings in Committee, until the Report stage) it has made no progress.

So the time-table sought to lay it down (and late at night it ~~was~~ laid down) that the Committee stage must be completed by the end of the month, the remaining stages soon afterwards. This seemingly simple proposition led to a debate which went on for the rest of the afternoon and evening. There were allegations that the Government was acting at the behest of the brewers, who contributed to their Party funds, and that the whole thing was, indeed, a "Brewers' Ramp." Honourable Members exchanged such expressions as "Dirty rat!" and "Preposterous and disgraceful" with great vigour for some hours, before passing the time-table which is intended to save time.

Tuesday, July 22

Mr. CHURCHILL, as has been noted in these Impressions, is experi-

House of Lords:	menting with
A New Banana	a new style of
House of Commons:	Parliamentary
More About	answer to ques-
Transport	tions—several new styles, in fact.

He has tried the crisp "No, sir!" style, with some success, but that is a little vulnerable when the questioner is ingenious and persistent. This week, he is trying the blandly evasive style—and both he and the House are clearly enjoying it very much.

To give an example: Mr. HUGH GAITSKELL (himself no mean performer as an answerer of supplementaries) asked Mr. C. to say whether, in his statement about the coming debate on economic affairs,

he had spoken of the prospect of "grave and far-reaching" *matters—or measures*. Some newspapers said one, some the other.

Mr. C. grinned, then rose slowly. "I recognize," said he, "the epithets which have been cited. But I cannot, without further reference, be sure of the noun."

The business of the day in the Commons was—yet again—the nation's transport system. It was based on one of those snare-in-the-sight-of-the-bird motions by the Opposition, merely expressing approval of the work of the British Transport Commission. Mr. BARNES, the former Transport Minister, advanced the view that his successor, Mr. ALAN LENNOX-BOYD, was out

to bury the Commission's work, not to praise it—he wanted, in fact, to put the transport system back into chaos.

"I like that!" was the effect of Mr. L.-B.'s reply. "What I'm trying to do is to get the system out of the chaos the last Government put it into. As for the motion—well, of course, the Government approves the work of the Commission, but it does not approve the impossible task the last Government gave it to do."

And they argued on those lines for hours and hours, with Mr. JIM CALLAGHAN winding up for the Opposition and complaining that the Government's de-nationalization policy was an "egregious and

superfluous frivolity." However, the Government won the vote on the motion, by 25.

Their Lordships are always producing odd items of information, and to-day's came from Lord MUXTER, who mentioned that, in the course of his travels in the Colonies, he had come across a "cross-bred banana" which looked like being impervious to disease. This piece of information was received with applause as possibly the one new item in a debate on Colonial development.

Wednesday, July 23

When Questions were over, and Mr. CHURCHILL had told the House that he had little information about

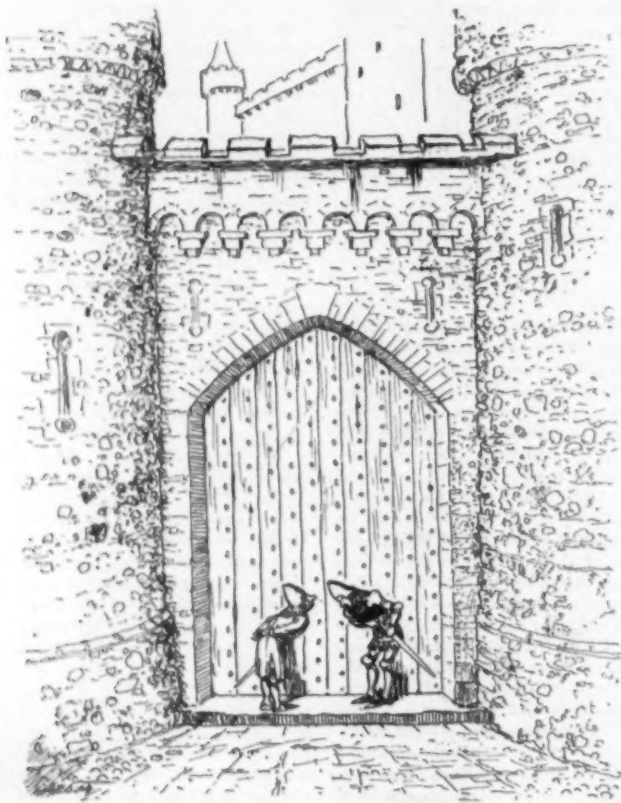
exciting and possibly grave events reported from Cairo this morning, Mr. CROOKSHANK engaged in a little warfare of his own.

He made a statement to the effect that, as "a handful of Socialist Members" had chosen to hold up Government business until the small hours of the morning, it might be necessary to keep the House sitting over Bank Holiday.

This produced a hoot of joy from the Opposition side, and (curiously) an answering one of even greater volume from the Government benches. By then everybody was becoming hot and excited, and Mr. CHUTER EDE, resenting something Mr. CROOKSHANK had said, commented that he would take it whence it came—"as the old lady said when she was crossing a field and was kicked by a donkey."

When the uproar had died down enough, Mr. Speaker said it seemed to be time to leave the subject. But the House would dearly have liked to know the "crack" Mr. CHURCHILL—almost—delivered in reply to Mr. EDE. He half rose, battle in his eye—and then sat down again.

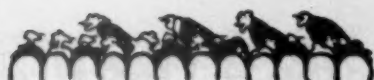
The debate was on the Monopolies Commission. Mr. DALTON complained that the Commission was doing its work appallingly slowly. Mr. THORNEYCROFT, in reply, defended it, praised its labours—and expressed his own rooted dislike of monopolies, public as well as private.



"I'm sure they're in—I can bear pitch sleeping."



AT THE PLAY



Volpone (STRATFORD-ON-AVON)—*World Behind Your Back* (MERCURY)

IN *Volpone* Sir RALPH RICHARDSON shows more of his true mettle than he has yet done at Stratford this year. His magnifico has style. It is a curiously dry style, that robs Jonson's great eccentric of much of the gusto in deception which is surely a vital part of his character, but the cheating of the greedier citizens of Venice is executed with an easy grace that makes good comedy of the scenes in which *Volpone* feigns illness in order to extract larger and larger gifts from his would-be heirs. It is the cold insolent cheating of a man who hates humanity, and not the pleasurable dishonesty of one who gets a tremendous kick out of cheating cheats, but it is skilful and consistent. The final and rather absurd scene of *Volpone*'s humiliation Sir RALPH carries off really well; handicapped by an unfortunately tatty wig that seems to belie *Volpone*'s boasted vigour he is less happy in the attempted seduction of *Celia*, where he makes surprisingly little of some of Jonson's fattest speeches.

The most startling thing in Mr. GEORGE DEVINE's production is Mr. ANTHONY QUAYLE's complete subjection of his own personality, to present a soapy-handed, cunning

Mosca, a very devil of a slimy toad with the manner of an unfrocked Roundhead clergyman. This reading of the part, Iago crossed with Uriah Heep, proves extremely effective. The gulls are disappointing. Mr. MICHAEL BATES' wild caricature of senility as *Corbaccio* being funny as an individual turn but not much help to the play. *Sir Politick*, whose wildcat schemes for profit echo across the centuries like eggs in Gambia, gives Mr. MICHAEL HORDERN a chance, which he seizes admirably, to show us a lapel-gripping windbag.

The play was introduced by music of a prodigiously abstract nature, but there was nothing abstract about the sets, which utilized very massively all the hydraulic tricks with which the Stratford stage is now equipped. To my mind these triumphs of engineering are the worst possible enemies of illusion. When *Volpone* turns out to have been sitting on a piece of funfair machinery that swings away before sinking through the floor, what hope has poetry; and when, in the middle of a conversation, he is swept slowly into the wings on some kind of escalator we are certainly not in Venice. Of Venice we were reminded briefly in a

backcloth by Mr. MALCOLM PRIDE, a designer of promise who will no doubt learn to express himself more simply; but only to have the impression almost obliterated by two of his enormous buildings that seemed to be part of a municipal tramway as they rolled together and clanged against the buffers. It would be very clever if the stage could be made to turn



(*World Behind Your Back*
Avon—Mr. ROBERT EDDISON)

upside down, but equally shattering to the innocent pretences on which all theatre depends.

In *World Behind Your Back* (its short run is now finished) Mr. JOHN HALL and Mr. WILLIAM EEDLE have written a verse-play distinctly above the average, in which the ethics of escapism, seen against a small-state revolution, are fairly discussed. The language is witty and graceful, and never pretentious; drama is the weakest spot. A climax of expiation suggesting Mr. Eliot is approached in a manner much nearer that of Mr. Fry. Capable acting rose to excellence with Mr. ROBERT EDDISON as a young officer aloof from the revolution and Mr. EEDLE as its single-minded leader. Mr. EDDISON spoke the verse splendidly.

Recommended

The Globe Revue (Globe), the Lyric Revue's successor. *The Innocents* (Her Majesty's), powerful spook drama. *Dial "M" for Murder* (Westminster), very thoughtful crime. ERIC KEOWN



Volpone—Sir RALPH RICHARDSON

Mosca—Mr. ANTHONY QUAYLE



at the PICTURES



Gift Horse—Penny Princess

AFTER a fortnight of wondering whether the obviously imminent demise of the British film industry was worth the purchase of a black tie, along comes *Gift Horse* (Director: COMPTON BENNETT) to delay the necessity for a decision. This is a story about the Royal Navy in war-time. Only last week we had a picture that tried, and failed, to inject present urgency into a problem that reached its climax some five years ago. This one deals with the problems of ten years ago, and because they are presented with imagination and

is also a dug-out, and at first it seems that neither of them can do anything right. But the run of bad luck ends, the destroyer is refitted, and in time ship and crew settle down to an honourable war career that culminates in the ramming of the dock-gates at St. Nazaire, an adventure borrowed from H.M.S. *Campbeltown* (a sister ship) for the occasion. The documentary ingredient is handled with humanity and wit, and the director has resisted the temptation to make "characters" of his minor figures. The shore-based considerations are

a great store of fun and more acting ability than any six Rank starlets rolled together. Whenever she is around this piece assumes a true comedy sparkle; when she is out of sight, situations and dialogue plunge disconcertingly downward towards banality. Luckily, she is seldom far off. Next in order of merit come the Technicolor pictures of Lampidorra (=Spanish) mountain scenery. DIRK BOGARDE, as a romantic cheese-salesman, frankly seems less at home in a Harrovian tie than in his more accustomed motley of blue jeans and a dirty mackintosh.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

An experience not to be missed is the remarkable Indian melodrama *Aan* (Director: MEHBOOB KHAN)—easternized Hollywood that oscillates madly between the wildest Pearl Whiteny and the formal grace of Indian song and dance: photographed in 16-millimetre Kodachrome that has a tendency to turn blue, and cut (by over an hour) to a hundred and thirty minutes for London. The only one of the releases worth noting is *Carrie* (16/7/52), the long, serious adaptation of a Dreiser novel with Sir Laurence Olivier and Jennifer Jones. *La Ronde* (16/5/51) at the Curzon has the "must finish shortly" notices out. B. A. YOUNG



Gift Horse

Able Seaman Wood—BERNARD LEE

Lieut. Commander Fraser—TREVOR HOWARD

Ordinary Seaman Daniels—RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH

understanding they still seem as urgent as ever they did in those early war years.

The typical Navy film contains three standard elements. First there is the documentary exposition of the routine and background of life at sea that sets the scene; then the shore-relationships—the sweet-hearts, wives and families; and finally action, the climax to which all else has been directed. *Gift Horse* very sensibly sticks tight to the formula, which is an infallible one. The story concerns an American destroyer, long laid up, which is handed over to the Royal Navy during the dark days of 1940 and becomes H.M.S. *Ballantrae*. The ship is old and decrepit; her skipper (TREVOR HOWARD in his best form)

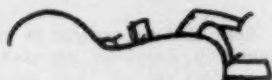
treated with equal restraint; they are usually the duller part of any Service story, but in this one they add just the right highlights to the naval picture (and incidentally provide a bit-part for DORA BRYAN, quite the best bit-part player and the most wasted actress in British films). As for the reconstruction of the raid, it is tense and exciting enough for anyone. The long cast meets its obligations with something more than adequacy.

Penny Princess (Director: VAL GUEST) is an unpretentious comedy about an American shopgirl who inherits a fortune and with it a pocket principality in cis-Curtain Europe called Lampidorra. The girl is YOLANDE DONLAN, who possesses

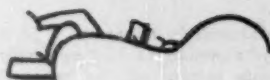


Penny Princess

Lindy Smith—YOLANDE DONLAN



BOOKING OFFICE



Victorian Ladies

Lady Charlotte Schreiber. Edited by the Earl of Bessborough. *John Murray*, 21/-.

The Gentle Amazon Jane-Eliza Haisted. *Museum Press*, 16/-.

"THE Diaries of Lady Charlotte Guest," published two years ago and edited by her grandson, the Earl of Bessborough, showed her to have been remarkable even among the resolute matriarchs of her time. To the fairly normal achievement of bearing ten children in thirteen years she had added a notable translation of a mediæval Welsh text, much entertaining, an honest social interest, and hard work as private secretary to her ironmaster husband, Sir John Guest. When he died in 1852 she was forty, and now in *Lady Charlotte Schreiber* Lord Bessborough gives us further extracts from her voluminous diaries, stretching from 1853 to 1891 (four years before her death), with a running commentary by himself.

For several years after her husband's death she managed his great works at Dowlais, going down her own pits and riding through the rain in a dirty tender; a conscientious employer, who raised wages without being asked and fitted out a recreation ground and a free library, writing: "How grateful I shall be if this may save some from frequenting the Beer house." The same pious hope lay no doubt behind a gem of Victorian welfare, her attempt to persuade her men to collect fossils. This part of the diary is a strange mixture of appeals to the divine will, orders from abroad for enormous quantities of rails, and half-admissions to herself that she was falling in love with Charles Schreiber, her son's tutor.

Having dyed her hair, to the consternation of her daughters, who continued to oppose the match, she married him in 1855, and for nearly thirty years they lived devotedly, although Schreiber shocked her advanced liberalism by being elected a Conservative member and seems to have been a fussy man about the house. Giving up the direction of Dowlais, they spent more and more time in travel, and soon Lady Charlotte began her long series of forages abroad for china, which led to triumphant races with Duveen and to the magnificent collections she gave the nation.

When her eldest son went to Paris for the first time she trembled for him: "God grant he come out safe from that hotbed of iniquity." We can smile at other severities of her age, such as discharging "an otherwise very good schoolmistress to-day for having gone to a convivial party at a Unitarian preacher's house where there was dancing, on Good Friday," but she must have been a likeable woman, with sense, courage, real kindness and much intelligent curiosity. In all this whirlwind of family, business and art she found time for Euclid and Chaucer. She was delighted when her footman became Mayor of Blandford and his son married a general's daughter, and for the drivers of

the cabmen's rest which she erected in Langham Place she knitted, until she grew blind, a muffler every day, sometimes fitting it on the spot, and under protest added a *Daily Chronicle* to the harder tack of *The Times* on which she insisted as the men's basic entertainment. For anyone interested in the Victorians this diary is a find, and Lord Bessborough's notes smooth its path discreetly.

Lady Charlotte had a flying start. More spectacular was the almost Hollywood career of Juana de Leon, who became Her Excellency at the Cape and gave her name to Ladysmith. She was fresh from a convent school when her terrified sister took her during the sack of Badajoz to beg mercy at the British camp. A few days later, aged fourteen, she was married to Harry Smith, a Brigade Major of the Light Division. Her subsequent adventures demand a film. She rode through the rest of the Peninsular War with the troops, searched the field of Waterloo after a false report of her husband's death, followed him to Africa and India, and finished in Cadogan Place, the toast of the Army. Miss Jane-Eliza Haisted's biography, *The Gentle Amazon*, is overwritten in a somewhat romantic vein, but remains an astonishing story. ERIC KEOWNS

Bolívar. Salvador de Maclariaga. *Holtis and Carter*, 45/-.

In 1820 Bolívar, "Liberator" of his native Venezuela, wrote to one of his English friends, "England fears revolution in Europe and wants it in America; the one gives her untold worry, the other yields



inexhaustible resources." If it were only for an understanding of why we fought Napoleon in Spain while helping all the pseudo-Napoleons in South America, and backed up "liberal constitutions" in Indo-Spanish capitals while permitting a sub-human despot to reascend the Spanish throne, Senor Madariaga's epic volume should be in every perfidious Englishman's library. But though this is a monumental work, and Gibbon would have licked his lips over its satiric opportunities, the historian has let his *dramatis persona* speak for themselves; and Bolivar, the typical dictator, with his patriotic pretensions, his unstable policy, his intrigues, his campaigns, his massacres, his spells of exile—ending with the inevitable "St. Helena"—dominates the stage. It would appear that, as far as South America was concerned, her tie with Spain made for civilization. But as Bolivar said, ruling from the local barracks, "God, London and we are determined."

H. P. E.

Normandy Diary. Lord Methuen. Hale, 63/-.

The author was attached to M.F.A. and A. ("Monuments, Fine Arts and Archives"), an Allied organization for recording and mitigating war damage to listed National Monuments. He followed the track of the 21st Army Group from the Caen plain on to Belgium and Holland, and here gives us the diary on which his formal reports were based. Though this is primarily a book for specialists there is much of general interest: in particular an account of the French, Belgian and Dutch methods of supervision and preservation of national monuments—methods which would seem to be better ordered than our own, frequent invasion being a keen instructor. The territory covered is singularly rich in architectural treasure—was it not the cradle of our own mediæval architecture!—and the illustrations (about two hundred photographs with some sensitive water-colours and crisp fountain-pen vignettes by the author) show us happy survivals as well as

woeful destruction. Lord Methuen brought to his task not only architectural knowledge, especially of Normandy, and a painter's eye and hand, but a tact and sympathy which won the confidence of the sorely tried inhabitants both official and private.

J. P. T.

The Flower in Season. Jocelyn Brooke. Bodley Head, 15/-.

A most attractively dressed and original little book, neither an anthology nor a textbook, but rather a running commentary on the wild flowers of our woods, fields and hedgerows and their progression through the months, with side-glances at odd and unlikely bits of information by the way. Possible charges of omission are disarmingly deflected by Mr. Brooke's statement that this is his book after all, and, prejudiced or no, must be accepted as such. The letterpress of a volume dealing with colour nuances, and the emotions they evoke, might more appropriately be partnered by coloured plates; some of the flowers illustrated look disappointingly flat—even in Mr. Charles Stewart's distinguished line drawings—in contrast to their descriptions. It may be found surprising, too, that one so sensitive to incongruity as to challenge Walter de la Mare's poetic reference to columbines growing on chalk hills should himself have perpetrated "... the handle of a violin" on the same page!

J. D.

SHORTER NOTES

How to Travel Incognito. Ludwig Bemelmans. Hamish Hamilton, 12/6. Wanderings in France with a genially fraudulent count. The characteristic Bemelmans mixture of comic anecdote, sparkling visual description and explanatory knowings about the mechanics of hotel life, restaurants and travel. Many drawings. Irresistible for fans, and by any standard highly entertaining.

Witchcraft. Pennethorne Hughes. Longmans, 21/-.

A comprehensive survey, solid in matter though popular and occasionally even flippant in manner. Accepting the thesis that witchcraft was the subterranean survival of the oldest of religions, Mr. Hughes pursues it into all its strange ramifications. Less scholarly than Dr. Margaret Murray, he avoids the sensationalism of Montague Summers.

Child Artists of the Australian Bush. Mary Durack Miller and Florence Rutter. Illustrated in colour and monochrome. Harrop, 15/-.

The Carroll school for aborigine and half-caste children run by Mr. and Mrs. Noel White was a heart-warming success and a pitiful failure. The continent had no place for the little artists whose native talent and its devoted fostering were the beginning of a social salvation ultimately denied. This is a world problem posed in its extremest terms.

Two Shadows Pass. Clifford King. Hart-Davis, 10/6.

Short novel, superficially a story of gun-running in the Marseilles-Algiers region, more profoundly based on the psychological situation of a painter who succeeds commercially and misses happiness. Makes the same sort of oddly melancholy, veiled impression as the author's "A Place to Hide."

No Sportsman at All. J. K. Stanford. Faber, 18/-.

Huntin' an' shootin' (not fishin'), but the slaughter well leavened with kindly observation of men, animals and M.F.H.s. Some documented and forceful counters to the anti-blood-sport school. Stories could be funnier, reminiscences shorter; otherwise urbane, evocative, engaging. Professedly by a greenhorn but manifestly not.

Young Man on a Dolphin. Anthony Thorne. Heinemann, 12/6.

A light-hearted extravaganza about an Englishman who, with a sophisticated French woman and a young Italian, is marooned on a Venetian island by the same ill wind that has driven away the fishing boats manned by the male population. The account of his amatory life may be meant to shock but succeeds in being yawn-making. There are some amusing patches, but the book is too long.



SNAX AT JAX

XII

"HW-hoo," gasped the brewer's drayman, mopping his brow as he came in.

"Ay-ay, Gus!" called Jack.

"Warm enough?"

"Too warm," said the brewer's man, wilting bulkily on to a stool and plucking his leather apron away from himself for ventilation. "I seen Stevie Carter come out of Woowus with 'is nippers just now, perspiration streamin'."

"On 'olidy?" asked Jack, organizing a cup with a wide blue ring for Gus. "Coloured china 's back again, look."

"No, loo day 'e 'ad," said Gus. "Work overtime, then instenda gettin' paid overtime rates you get a day in loo, old Stevie does. Ices, 'is nippers 'ad."

Jack made a deprecating gesture, narrowly missing a pyramid of rock cakes.

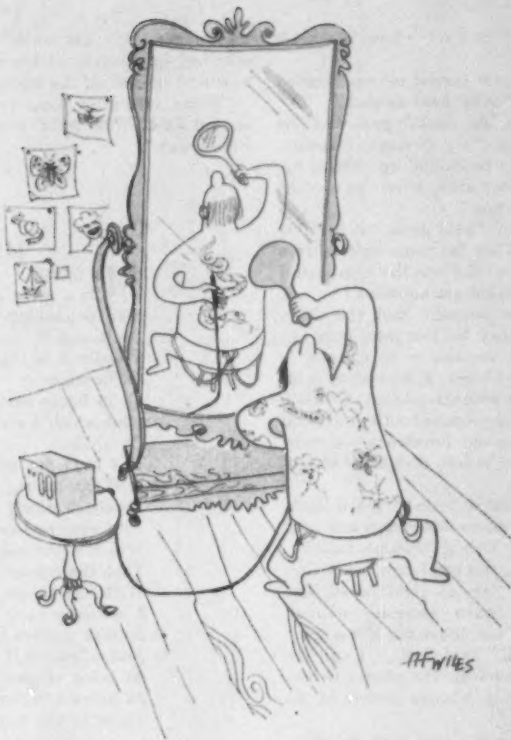
"Nice 'ot tea you want, 'ot days," he said. "Doctors 'll tell you. Why, you don't get me 'avin' salads, lettuce, that caper. 'Ot days I like a nice drop of grazed leg of lamb, two veg, and syrup roll for afters, then you don't get no chill on the old stomach."

Gus nodded agreement skilfully during a loud intake of tea.

"Look at old Cyril," he invited, pulling out a coloured postcard. "Southend again. Always off there, and well! 'Is kids get ice-cream, lollies, that candy floss, slosh down minerals, and 'course! I got this card from Cyril—'is people come from that way, mind. Still, 'e sent me this. 'Doin' all right,'" he read. "'Makes a nice break seeing the old faces and familiar spots.'"

He turned the card over and contemplated for some time the rosy-cheeked fuller-figured woman pegging out some voluminous washing on the reverse side.

"Reminds me," he said, waving the card. "Just rollin' the old barrels down into the Lord Nelson cellar just now I was, and these two ladies started fightin'. Oo! 'Avin' a rare old go they was, straight up."



"Go on!" said Jack, straightening the D.D.T. parrot. "Old Nora, that be?"

"Yer," said the drayman appreciatively, "Nora. Make yer laugh. This other lady suddenly calls out 'Ere y'are! Ripe-bermanas, tell-yermum!' Just like she was on the old barrows. She reckons old Nora whipped a great buncha bananas back in 'thirty-eight off of some stall. I thought Ay-ay! Trouble! Then their 'usbands come out and they all busted out shoutin'."

"District 's goin' down," nodded Jack, playing snatches of a tune intermittently on his teeth with a teaspoon handle. "Same as old Olly with that whelk-stall. Never anythink much doin' to-day 'ere."

"I don't know," said Gus. "'Owbout my brother, young Frankie?" He heaved out another postcard.

"Stone the Corporation," said Jack, flinching from it. "Which way's it up? Them muscles!"

"Well, then," said Gus, "there you are. What I say. Now he's gone and won a contest. Most Beautiful Male Body in East London. Is this me?" he added, pointing to a sandwich in front of him.

"It was you, the crab, wannit?" asked Jack. "Oh, I'm sorry, my old mate. Sorry. Cheese you are, eh?" He deftly substituted another sandwich. "Still, old Frankie's got sum-mink there with that nice drop of leopard skin this weather."

The drayman pursed his lips at the photograph again.

"All them biceps eckceetra," he said musingly. "'Course that leopard caper's not 'is usual rig. Waiter, 'e is, up the City. Funny, fond of 'is foed 'e used to be,

fond of 'is food. Now 'e's a bit picky."

"Never turned me up," sniffed Jack, "'avin' food around."

"Ah, no, Jack," protested the drayman, "'no, I mean, honestly, 'e's only on dishin' up, dishin' up, clear away after, never 'as no chat not like you."

"'Ere," said Jack, "is it right, that? They 'ad some waiters' race up there like on the Continent? Old Frankie get anythink?"

"Ya, weerl," said the drayman, "they 'ad this race, only old Frankie, muscles or no muscles, 'e come nowhere. 'E nips along a bit smartish with this tray and bottle'n glasses, some geezer comes out of an alley and old Frankie gets a nasty seraze on 'is face, dodgin'. Glass all over."

"What'd 'e do?" asked Jack, "Swing on an 'andy rope and beat 'is chest 'owling? Shame, innit?"

"Oh, you can laugh," said Gus, mildly. "Be all right round 'ere, though, when someone wanted chuckin' out. Save old Elsie a job."

"Still," said Jack, "I can see that, not ownin' the place. Otherwise you're a mere prawn in the game."

"Ah well," said Gus, mopping

once more. "No 'elp for it." He snatched impulsively at his waistcoat and opened all the buttons.

"'Ere, turn it up, Gus," remonstrated Jack. "Be seein' you in a Bikini next."

The drayman gasped off the stool, waistcoat flapping.

"No," he said, "honest, if it keeps up this 'ot I'll 'ave to get Freda lay out me short woollens."

ALAN HACKNEY

6 6

MY GROCER

MY grocer

Is a great one for coming closer
And unleashing things into my ear alone
As though it were part of a telephone.
Usually it is that something stoneless
Or boneless

Or in boxes painted like barges abroad
(But which I either cannot afford
Or abide)

Has been put secretly on one side
And can, at my request,
Be clandestinely compressed
Into the crevices of my carrier bag,
Which is probably so surfeited already with swag
That the éclairs will quietly concertina
With the things from the cleaner.

I normally have it, though, however hateful,
As with grocers it doesn't do to seem ungrateful;
And, of course, I can't help being a little proud
At being singled out of the crowd
As noteworthy enough
To be in the know about this stuff.

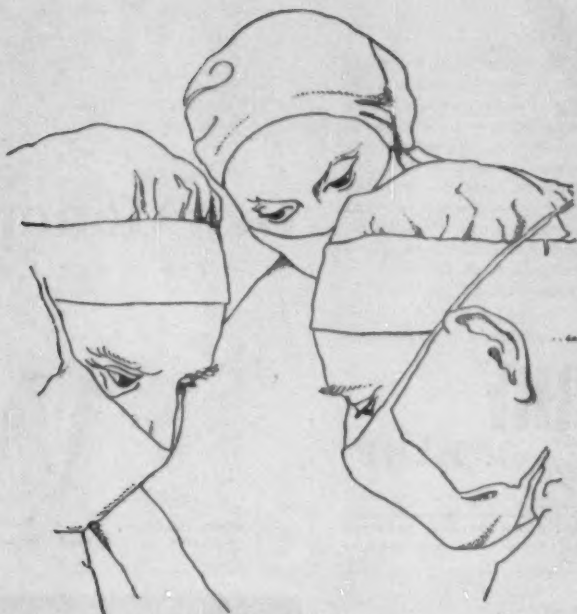
DANIEL PETTIWARD



"Are you there, dear? Mr. Pearson would like to borrow our mower."

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every time
you comb
your
hair?**



Healthy hair can only grow on a healthy scalp

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There's only one way to healthy hair—and that's a healthy scalp. Massage daily with Nutriline—the scientific tonic dressing. Nutriline crowns two years' research and testing by chemists and trichologists (hair and scalp experts). Its balanced ingredients first clean the scalp of clogging deposits; then feed it with cholesterol, the natural secretion of the sebaceous glands.

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MADE IN ENGLAND

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keeps
you fit**

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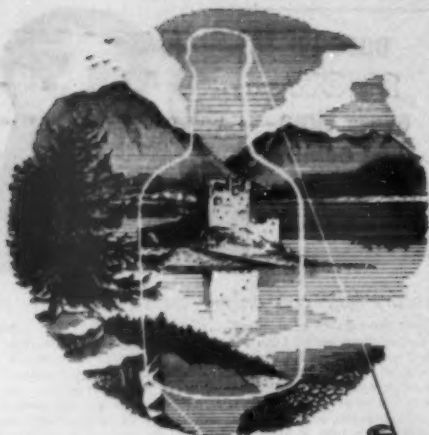
What is a holiday if you feel dull and tired, headachy and all upset? ENO'S will keep you regular despite change of air, change of food, change of everyday habits. It is particularly suitable for children. Keep ENO'S handy, for yourself—and your family.



Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

THE GENTLE ANTACID LAXATIVE

2/6d. Regular Size—Family Size (double the quantity) 4/6d.



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When the work began, the province was still suffering from the effects of war. Plant and materials—other than sand, of which there was more than enough—were carried from Britain and transhipped at

Tripoli, for Benghazi harbour was badly damaged. Local labour was not yet trained in modern construction methods. There were dock strikes and shortages in Britain, drought in Cyrenaica. But the work was completed on time.

The organisation which carried this job through is also engaged in construction works in Syria, Mauritius, Northern and Southern Rhodesia and the Union of South Africa, besides its activities in Britain.

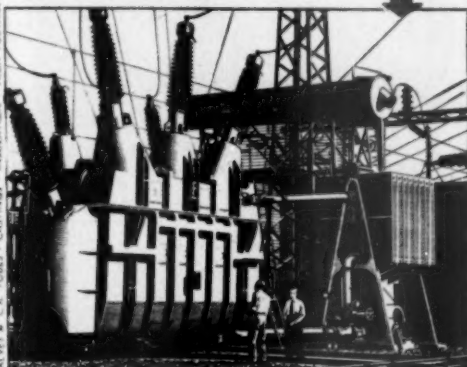
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